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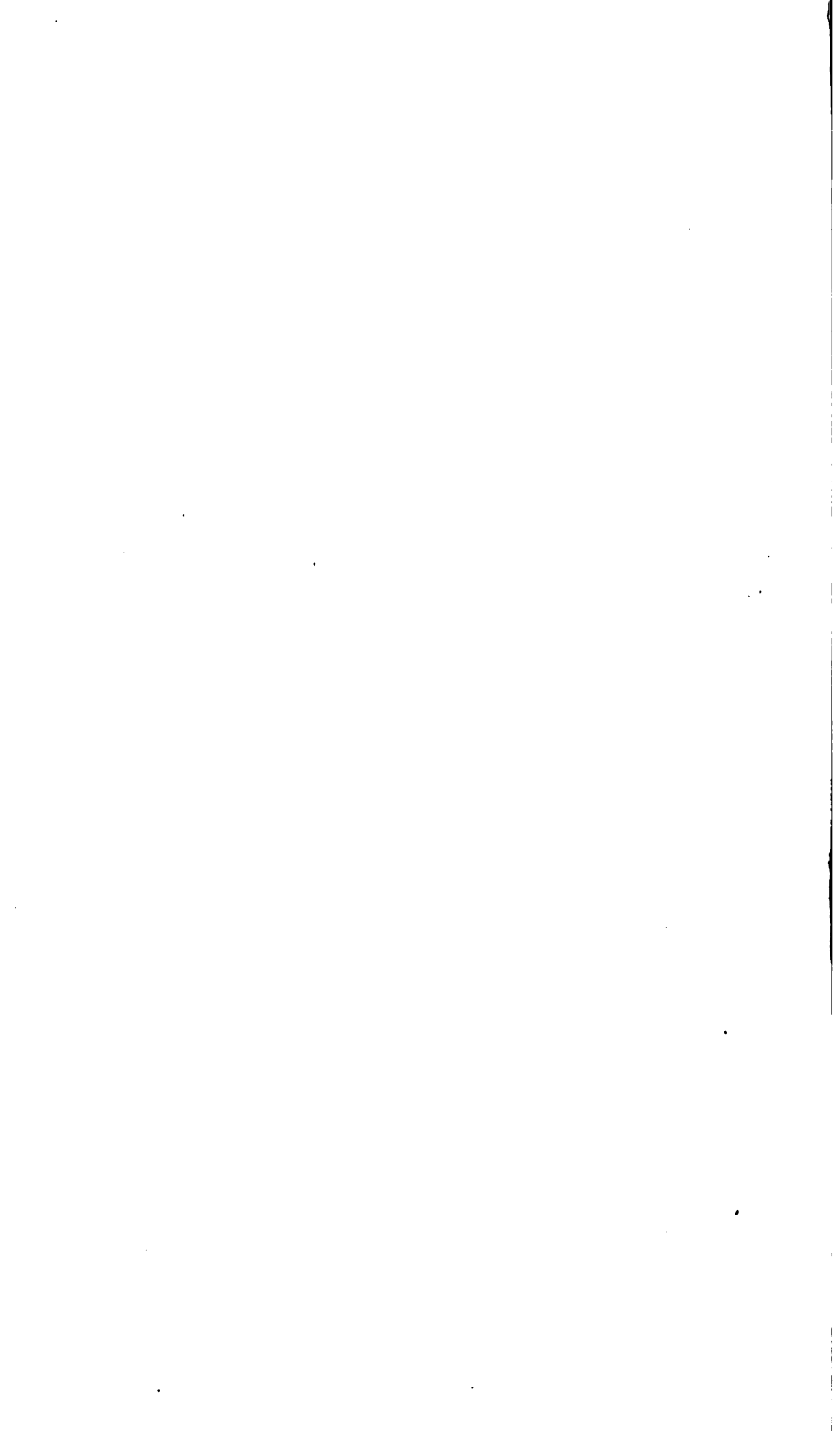


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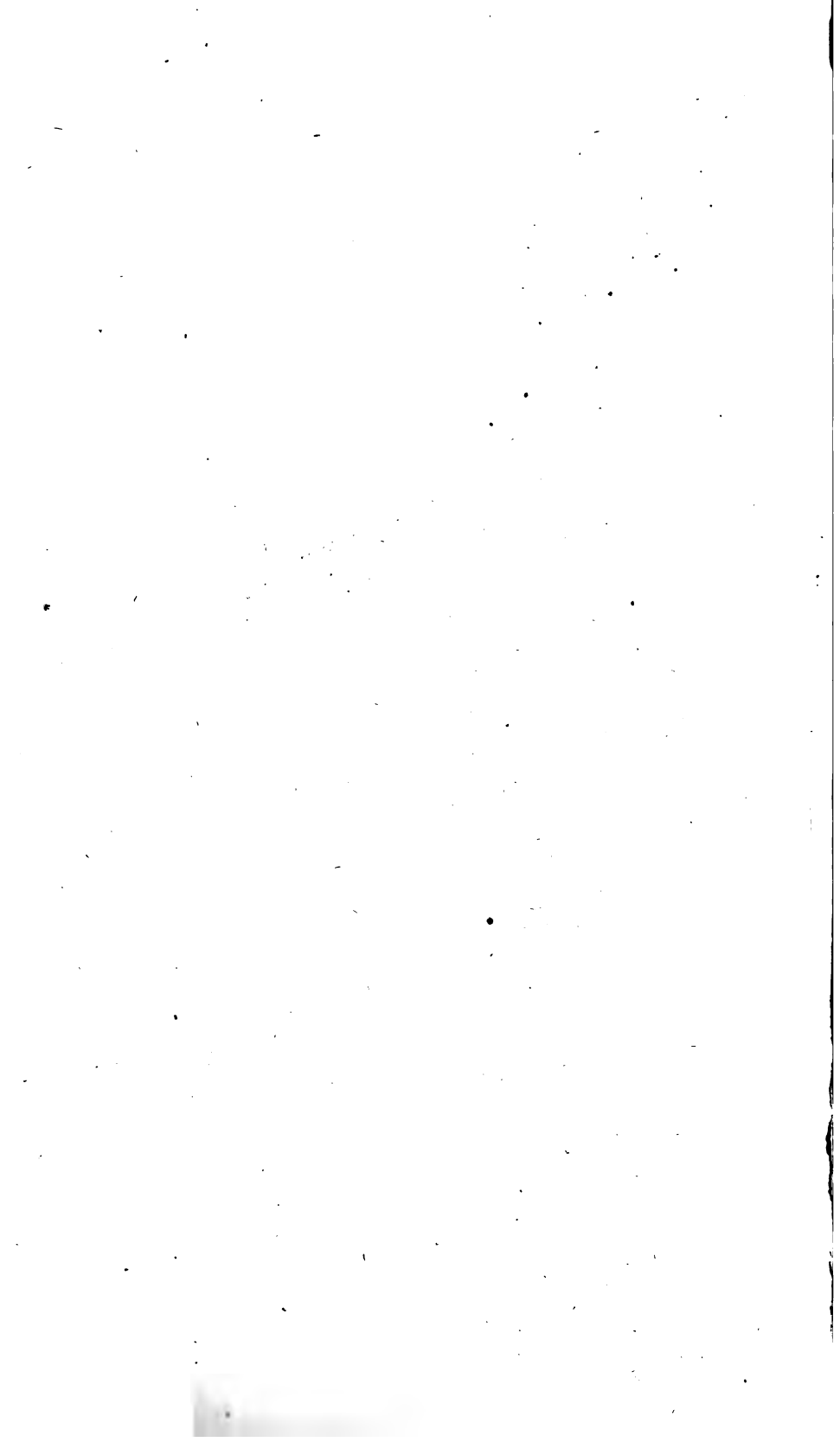
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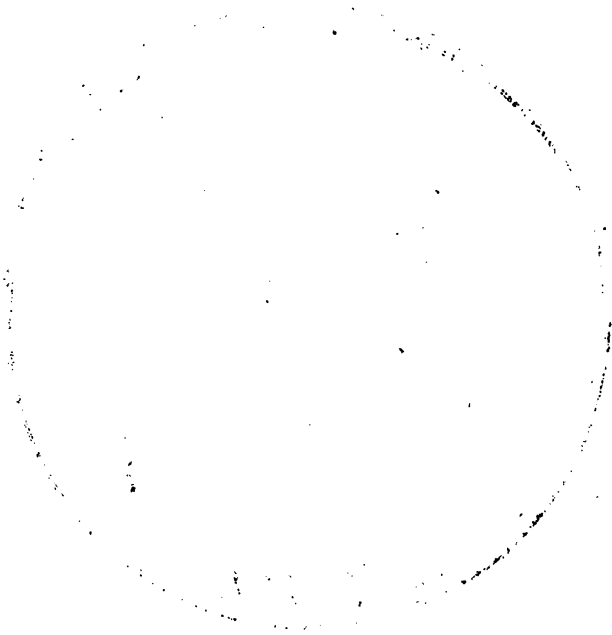
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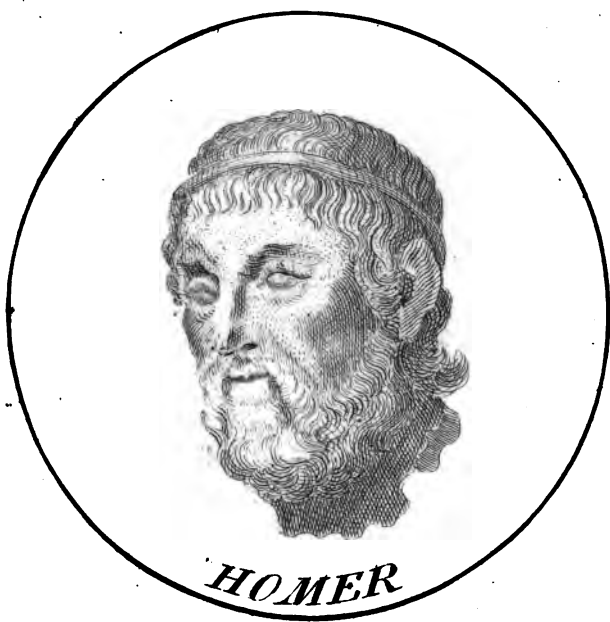












HOMER

THE
HYMNS OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO VERSE FROM THE

ORIGINAL GREEK:

WITH

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

An Enquiry into the Life of Homer.

BY COLUMBUS C. CONWELL, M. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY MIFFLIN & PARRY,
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1830.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the thirtieth day of August, in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1830, COLUMBUS C. CONWELL, M. D., of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit :

"The Hymns of Homer, translated into verse from the original Greek: with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. To which is prefixed, an Inquiry into the Life of Homer. By Columbus C. Conwell, M. D."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned:" and also to the Act, entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,

Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



TO
JOSEPH N. BONAPARTE,
COUNT DE SURVILLIERS,

WHOSE QUALITIES APPEAR IN BRIGHTER RELIEF IN THE SHADES
OF HIS HAPPY TUSCULANUM, THAN WHEN ENVELOPED
IN THE BLAZE OF SPANISH MAJESTY,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION AND RESPECT,

BY
THE AUTHOR.

Nil radios solis lumina parva juvant.

2000
2000
2000

An Inquiry

INTO

THE LIFE OF HOMER.

Incisas adamante notas in sæcula misit.

CARRARA.

LITTLE more is known with certainty of the father of Epic and Iambic* poetry, than that he once existed. So deeply involved in the obscurities of allegory, fable and antiquity is every circumstance of his career, that to select, out of the heterogeneous mass of fiction and fact that has clustered around his memory, the authentic from the spurious, would be a task utterly unfeasible. The chief source of deception in this is attributable to the metaphorical manner employed by poetical biographers—a style which, unhappily for the ancient poets, has now become almost unintelligible.

* It is much to be regretted that the Iambic or invective poem entitled the *MARGITES*, should be lost to posterity.—The work is warmly eulogized by the bard's enthusiastic admirer Aristotle. "As the *Iliad*," says the philosopher, "gave the first idea of Tragedy, so did the *Margites* suggest the first notion of Comedy. Homer has given, as it were, an outline to Tragedy by his Epics, and a crayon to Comedy by his Iambic."

The name *Margites*, it seems, belonged to a lazy fellow, who was neither a tradesman, labourer, shepherd nor vintner, one who neither knew, nor cared to know any thing. Such was the hero of Homer's Iambic.

The stories related of his birth place* are indefinite and contradictory. Being a cosmopolite during his life,

"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes,"

* The poets have improved this obscurity into a panegyric topic, in their eulogies of Homer; hence it is that some of them tell us, that we ought not to be surprized that he had no country on earth, since heaven alone was truly his country: others, that earth did not produce him, but that the Muses sent him from heaven; that he was indebted to them for his country and excellencies; that Calliope was his mother; that the whole earth was his country, because his fame flew to all parts of it. The grammarians and critics employing themselves in painful searches after his country, have written several books expressly on that subject; instances of which are amongst the ancients, Didymus the Grammarian, and amongst the moderns, Leo Allatius, who proves Homer to be a native of the isle of Chios, by a medal belonging to the inhabitants of that island, in which are represented Homer on one side, and a Sphynx with their arms on the other. Julius Pollux also testifies that the inhabitants of this isle, placed Homer's face on the reverse of their medals, as the Mitylenians did that of Sappho. But Aristotle in his Rhetorick, Book 2. hints, that this is no proof that he was their citizen, any more than that Sappho was of Mitylene. It is indeed true that Homer lived in the isle of Chios, as Herodotus and Thucydides relate. The Smyrneans, Amastrians, Argives, and several other people have also stamped medals with Homer's head: whence it follows that this is no conclusive proof. We may much more securely depend on the evidence of Pindar, Theocritus, Euthymenes, the Emperor Constantine, Themistius, Claudian, and several other authors, who have affirmed Homer to be a Chian.—*Du Pin.*

We cannot adequately lament the silence of Appion, a great grammarian, who gravely tells us "that the herb Cynocéphale, the Egyptian Osirites, has a miraculous virtue; that it is a sovereign remedy against witchcraft, and commands the infernal powers; that the person who digs for it, immediately

and a very accurate observer, Melesigenes (for so we shall term the great bard) delineated with such precision and fidelity the places he visited, that the natives of each pretended he must have been their compatriot, on the ground that none else could have attained so complete a knowledge of their soil, dialect and habits.

Some assume that he was an Egyptian from his acquaintance with the topography, hieroglyphs, mythic embellishments and occult sciences of that nation. Now though this is a fable, it is evident that a great portion of his life must have been spent in the "land of pyramids," for his works teem with all those beautiful allegorical combinations, known at that period only to the sages of Egypt, from whom he borrowed and carried into Ionia, such sublime figures as have rendered his memory immarcescible, and obtained for him the titles of "Demigod, Bard of heaven, Prince of Poets, Laureate of the world," &c. Others very gratuitously make him an African, from the cause just stated: but certain it is that he was a native of IONIA, and most probably of Smyrna.* Much might be said, with Simonides, of his birth in Chios, now Scio, so glowingly referred to in his Hymn to Apollo, in which he styles himself "*the old blind man of Chios.*" Pindar makes him a Smyranean; Bacchylides and Aristotle make him

dies; but that he himself having procured it from another, had charmed up the shades, and enquired into Homer's country and parentage: that he had received an answer, but durst never publish what he had learned upon that subject."

* We have it not only from the most authentic authors, but from the circumstance of Homer's being called Melesigenes, that he was born on the banks of the Meles, a river flowing near Smyrna. "Imprimis, Melesigenes vocabatur, quod ad Meletem Smyrnæ fluvium natus."—*Basil Faber.*

a native of Ios; Antimachus and Nicander, of Colophon; Ephorus, and the biographers, of Cumæ; Dionysius and Aristarchus, of Athens. Several cities have laid claim to the honour of his birth: as Cicero testifies in his Oration *pro Archia Poeta*. "The Colophonians," says he, pretend that Homer was their fellow citizen: "The inhabitants of the isle of Chios challenge him for their countryman; the Salaminians claim him; the Smyrneans maintain that he belongs to them, and have dedicated a temple to him in their city: and several other places are engaged in mutual disputes on this head." Aulus Gellius also in his Chap. II. of his 3d Book, collects the differing opinions concerning Homer's country. "Some, says he, say that he was a Colophonian; others will have him a Smyranean: Some again make him an Athenian, and others affirm him an Egyptian, and Aristotle avers, that he was born in the isle of Io." Epiphanius, Lib. I. against the Heretics, t. 3. says, that there are a great many various opinions on this subject. "Some, says he, make Homer an Egyptian; others, born in the isle of Chios; some a Colophonian; others believe him a Smyranean, and the son of Meles and Critheis: Aristarchus says, he was an Athenian, and there are others who believe him a Lydian, and born at Mæonia; whilst another party will have him a Cypriot, and that he first saw light in the suburbs of Salamis." This contest between cities for the honour and glory of having produced Homer, is no new thing; for Ælian observes that Ptolomæus Philopater having caused a temple to be built in honour of Homer, placed around his image the cities which claimed him for their citizen. Proclus makes the dispute lie between Colophon, Chios, Smyrna, Io, and Cumæ; Eustathius adds Athens, Egypt and Italy.

The seven cities which contended for his birth, are mentioned in the distich :

Septem urbes certant de stirpe insignis Homeri,
Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ.

So many illustrious characters sprung up in so limited a space of time in the Ionian territory, that it is nearly impossible, from the laudable jealousy of each section to claim eminent individuals, to determine infallibly the birth place of any one. Such a dazzling galaxy of philosophers, historians, and poets, appeared about the same era, as never since shed lustre on the earth. A superior intellect seems to have visited our globe for those few years, and deserted it, till the same spirit paid a second visit at the court of Augustus. Among the Ionian philosophers were Thales of Miletus : Anaximander and Anaximenes, his scholars, of the same place : Pythagoras of Samos : Heraclitus of Ephesus, and Hermagoras, who was banished that city *for his too great sobriety* : Chrysippus was of Solis, Zeno of Cyprus, Anaxagoras of Clazomene : Xenophanes, the naturalist, was of Colophon : Cleanthes, the stoic, of Assus, where Aristotle stayed for many years : Metrodorus, the great friend of Epicurus, was of Lampsacus, where this philosopher dwelt so long that he might almost pass for a native : Theophrastus, and his companion Phantias, were of Eressus, and his successor Neleus, the heir of Aristotle's library, was of Scepsis. These, and Xenocrates the platonic, Arcesilas the academic, Protarchus the epicurean, and Eudoxus the mathematician, Plato's friend (all great names in philosophy) drew their first breath on the same coast : as did likewise Hippocrates, Simus, Erasistratus, Asclepiades, and Apollonius, the greatest masters of medicine. It is also observable, that of the seven early sages called the wise men of Greece, four belonged to this climate : Pittacus of Mitylene,

Bias of Priene, Cleobulus the Lindian, and the above mentioned Milesian Thales.

Among the historians, Hecatæus and Pherecydes, the two oldest historians the Greeks had, were the one of Miletus, and the other of the little island Syros. Helanicus was of Lesbos, Theopompus of Chios: the old Scylax was of Caryanda: Ephorus, the great historian, was of Cumæ; Ctesias, physician to Artaxerxes king of Persia, and a great writer of wonders, was of Gnidus: To whom if you join the inimitable Herodotus, you will have the names of the chief historians among the Greeks, excepting the two Athenians, Thucydides and Xenophon.

Among the poets, Hesiod, near Homer's own days, was of Cumæ; Mimnermus of Colophon, Archilochus of Paros, Tyrteus of Miletus; Thales the poet and law-giver, and Epimenides the charmer, were of Crete; Anacreon was a Teian, Simonides a Cean, Arion and Terpander were Lesbians: and not to mention the particular places of every one's birth, the admired Sappho, her lover Alcæus, Bachyllides, Chærilus (not Alexander's), Phocylides, Bion, Simmias, Philetas, Ion the Tragedian, Philemon Menander's rival, Hegemon Epaminondas's panegyrist, and the astronomic poet Aratus, were all born in this poetical region. It had also the honour of producing the Erythræan sibyl, and another inspired lady, Athenais, under Alexander. But what is by far the most remarkable upon this article is, That the famous FIVE, who distinguished themselves in epic poetry, were all natives of this very climate. Hear the testimony of the learned Tzetzes: *Γιγόναντι δὲ τῶν τῶν Ποιητῶν (Ἐπικῶν) ἄνδρες ὀνομαστοὶ πέντε; Ὅμηρος ὁ παλαιός, Ἀντίμαχος ὁ Κολοφώνιος, Πανύσσας, Πείσανδρος ὁ Καμειρεύς, καὶ ἕτερος ὁ Ἡσιόδος. Ἰωάν. Τζήτσης εἰς Ἡσιόδον. Pisander was of Rhodes, and of great reputation. Πείσανδρος ὁ διασημώτατος*

Ποιητής, Καμειρεὺς ἦν. Στέφαν. περὶ πολιῶν. Antimachus wrote the Theban War; and Panyasis, the Labours of Hercules: he was of Halicarnassus. Suidas says of him, Σβοδείσαν τὴν Ποιητικὴν ἐπανήγαγε.

The period of Homer's birth is as variously and contradictorily represented as the place of his nativity. The Parian or Arundelian Marbles, if they may be considered as an authentic source of information, a point very questionable, fix his birth at 907, before the Christian era. Textor brings him into the world in the XXI Olympiad, or 67 after the building of Rome. Faber makes him coetaneous with Æsop; and Cicero represents him as living prior to the time of Hesiod, while Cassiodorus, the Tully of the 6th Century, states that his birth occurred 1124 before Christ. Crates, fixes it at 80 after the Trojan war, Eratosthenes at 100, Aristarchus with Henricus Decimator at 140, Cassius Hemina at 160, Philochorus at 180, Euthymenes at 200, Apollodorus at 250, Archemachus at 260, Ladvoat at 300; Juvenal at 1000 previous to his own time; Cornelius Nepos at 911, before the Saviour; Herodotus, who makes him cotemporary with the Theogonist Hesiod, fixes it a few years subsequent to the conflagration of Troy, of which Plutarch asserts that Melesigenes was a spectator—and indeed in a portion of the hymn to Mars our poet very unequivocally assures us that he once mingled in "dreadful battles."

Paterculus Velleius deduces from many learned data and ingenious consequences, that the birth must have occurred 968 years prior to the Christian era. Ulric Huber fixes it at 200 after the rape of Helen; Ælianus at 100, and Gebhardus Meiers at 3038 after the creation.

Such a confused variety of dates precludes the possibility of arriving at any settled and certain data. On

the whole, the opinion of a very learned critic appears to me the most plausible, that about a century subsequent to the sacking of Troy, or during that period denominated by Thucydides the second epoch, (viz. from the sacking to the Persian invasion under Xerxes) "Homer came into the world, and had access to hear from his own countrymen their exploits, and from his neighbours, the descendants of Priam's allies, the traditional accounts of what passed in the war.

From the remains of the Trojans, that were left scattered up and down in the conquered country, he would hear their side of the story : what friends and ancestors any of them had lost in the common cause : what kind of men they were ? what armour they wore ? what weapons they used, and how nobly they fought before they fell in battle ? He has described the houses of some of the princes that lived at a great distance from Troy ; has given us an inventory of their armories, the number of horses they kept, and the chariots they had laid up, with all the circumstances of a family story, such as might be told by one of their posterity. He appears indeed to have wandered over many of the places he mentions, and to have visited the native soil of the greater part of his heroes, where he might hear their stories from their subjects and descendants. They would not fail to tell them with all the miraculous aggravating incidents, which their love to their chiefs, and the warmth of their fancies could inspire : and we all know how carefully such traditions are preserved, and faithfully handed down to the young branches of a warlike family."

This was certainly the greatest advantage our poet could enjoy : and when we combine the other opportunities he derived from the unsettled and roving

state of the inhabitants at the period of his birth; its proximity to the Trojan war, which interested every Greek, and the time which was just ripe for Mythic embellishments—When we connect with these incidental circumstances, his language, the richest ever spoken; his climate, the most congenial to the development* of intellect, and yet untainted by luxury, his

* This position may seem a very singular one, but it is admitted by the most acute philosophers and physicians, to be no less strange than true. It is ably advocated in a formal treatise by Galen; Q. Curtius dilates upon it, and the opinion of the father of medicine, which we here transcribe at full length, amply confirms it.

Βυλομαι δὲ καὶ περὶ τῆς Ἀσίης καὶ τῆς Εὐρώπης δείξαι ὁκόσον διαφέρουσιν ἀλλήλων ἐς τὰ πάντα.—τὴν ἈΣΙ΄ΗΝ πλείους διαφέρειν φημι τῆς ΕΥΡΩ΄ΠΗΣ, ἐς τὰς φύσεις τῶν ζευκάντων, τῶν τε ἐκ γῆς φεομένων, καὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων. πολὺ γὰρ καλλίονα καὶ μείζονα πάντα γίνονται ἐν τῇ Ἀσίῃ; ἢ τὴ χάρη τῆς χωρῆς ἡμερωτέρη, καὶ τὰ Ἡθῶα τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἡπιώτερα καὶ εὐεργότερα. Τὸ δὲ αἰτίον ταῦτων, ἢ τε κρῶσις τῶν Ὠρίων, ὅτι τε ἡλιὸς ἐν μέσῳ τῶν ἀνατολῶν κεῖται πρὸς τὴν ἡῶ, τε τε ψυχρὰ πορρωτέρω. Τὴν δὲ ἄνεσιν καὶ ἡμερότητα παρέχει πλεῖστη ἀπαντων, ὁκόσων μηδὲν ἢ ἐπικρατὲν βιαιώς, ἀλλὰ πάντῳ ἰσομοίρῃ δυνατεὺς. Ἔχει δὲ κατὰ τὴν Ἀσίην ἔπανταχῇ ὁμοίως, ἀλλὰ ὅσα μὲν τῆς χωρῆς ἐν μέσῳ κεῖται τε θερμὰ καὶ τε ψυχρὰ, αὕτη μὲν ἐναρκεποτάτη ἐστὶ, καὶ εὐδισάτη, καὶ εὐδειδροτάτη, καὶ ὕδασι μάλιστα κέχρηται, τοῖσι τε οὐρανόισι καὶ τοῖσι ἐκ τῆς γῆς. Οὐτε γὰρ ἐκ τε θερμῆς ἐκκίναται λίαν; Οὐτε ὑπὸ ἀνυχμῶν καὶ ἀνυδρίας ἀναξηραίνεται; Οὐτε ὑπὸ ψύχει πύγνυται. Νοτίᾳ δὲ διάβροχῳ ἐστὶ, ὑπὸ δὲ ὄμβρων πολλῶν καὶ χιόνῳ. Τὰ δὲ ἀραῖα αὐτοῖσι πολλὰ ἰοικὸς γίνεσθαι, ὁκόσα δὲ ἀπὸ σπειρμάτων, καὶ ὁκόσα αὕτη ἢ γῆ ἀναδίδωι φῦτα, ὧν τοῖσι καρποῖσι χρεῖσται ἄνθρωποι, ἡμερωττες ἐξ ἀγρίων, καὶ ἐκ ἐπιτηδίων μεταφυτίνοντες. Τὰ δὲ ἐν τριφόρῳ κτήνι εὐθύνην ἰκὸς καὶ μάλιστα, τίκτειν τε πυκνότερα, καὶ ἐκτρέφειν κάλλιστα. Τὰς δὲ Ἀνθρώπους εὐτραφεῖς ἔπαι, καὶ τὰ ἴδια καλλίστους, καὶ μεγέθη μεγίστους, καὶ ἥκιστα διαφέρουσ ἐς τάς ἴδια αὐτῶν καὶ τὰ μεγέθη. Εἰκὸς δὲ τὴν χώραν ταύτην προσεγγύτατα ἔπαι, τε κατὰ τὴν φύσιν καὶ τὴν μετριότητα τῶν Ὠρίων. Τὸ δὲ ἀνδρείον, καὶ τὸ ἀταλαίπερον, καὶ τὸ ἔμπονον, καὶ τὸ θυμοειδὲς, οὐκ ἂν δυνάιτο ἐν ταιαύτῃ φύσει ἰσγίνεσθαι, μήτε ὁμόφυλον, μήτε ἄλλόφυλον; ἀλλὰ τὴν ἡδονὴν κρατεῖν.

Ἰπποκράτης περὶ τοπῶν, &c.

To the same purpose the Philosopher, Ἡ Θόδς (Ἀθηνᾶ) προτίρως ὑμᾶς καταρκίνει, ἐκλεξαμένη τοι τόπον ἐν ᾧ γενίηθι, τὴν Εὐκρασίαν τῶν Ὠρῶν ἐν αὐτῇ κατιδῶσα, ὅτι ΦΡΟΝΙΜΟΤΑ ΤΟΥΣ ἄνδρας οἴσει.

Πλάτωνῳ Τίμαιῳ.

poverty,* which compelled him to travel; and his blindness, by which he was enabled more uninterruptedly to digest, canvass, and model his ideas; we no longer marvel at the question proposed by his learned biographer, "By what fate or disposition of things it has happened, that none have equalled him in epic-poetry for two thousand seven hundred years, the time since he wrote; nor any, that we know, ever surpassed him before."

Our poet was the illegitimate son of Crithëis,† a daughter of Melanippus, who had him educated with Phemius, or as he is sometimes called Pronapides, a professor of music and poetry in Smyrna, and probably one of the *ῥοιδοί*. The master enchanted with the miraculous intellectual endowments of his pupil, expressed a desire of being presented to his mother, which was cheerfully complied with by the young bard.

Struck with her charms, Phemius made proposals of marriage, which were accepted by Crithëis. Homer was adopted by his stepfather, who shortly afterwards paid the debt of nature, having bequeathed to the poet his wealth, profession and academy: The first was la-

* Even his indigence is a disputable point; for though Ovid expressly says,

Sæpe pater dixit studium quid inutile tentas?

Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes—

Yet we find Ptolemy Philadelphus in a conversation with Zoilus, asserting that the bard was so opulent as to maintain a superb retinue.

† The name of his father was never divulged. Proclus tells us he was called Mæon. This is an error originating from the disputed circumstance of our bard's being born in Mæonia—whence he was sometimes called Mæonides.

vished on philosophical research, to the second he devoted his immense powers of mind, and his application to the last obtained for him the admiration and respect of all Greece. Amid the turmoils of active life his whole soul was absorbed in the 'fine phrenzy' and delightful anticipations of composing his immarcessible poem, the *ILIAD*, which even the great St. Chrysostom admits to have been a writing divinely inspired. During his tutorship accident introduced him to a ship captain named Mentès, who, charmed with the society and sublime observations of Melesigenes, proposed to him to relinquish his professional labours and to sail with him around the various sections of the Grecian Coast; Asia Minor, Egypt, and other countries, as well for mental expansion, as for geographical acquirements. The invitation was cheerfully accepted.

In these voyages did the prince of poets become an excellent geographer, an adept in human nature and the manners of men in every grade of life, particularly among the Greeks, the Phrygians, and the Egyptians.

On his return from Spain, he landed at Ithica, where his eyes began to fail him. Mentès there took leave of him, after presenting him to Mentor, a personage whose wisdom the poet has much celebrated in his works. The captain soon after having revisited the shores of Ithica, found our bard perfectly cured of the fistula lachrymalis, and again voyaged with him around the Peloponnesian coast, till they arrived at Colophon. Here Melesigenes lost his sight, and here he received the adnomen of Homer.*

* Many attempts have been made by a host of learned writers, to account for our poet's surname of Homer; all jarring and contradictory. His proper name was Melesigenes, so

After this calamitous visitation, deserted by his friends, he travelled as an *ΑΟΙΔΟΣ* to Smyrna, rehearsing to the lyre, in every town through which he passed, fragments of the Iliad. At Delos he composed and sung the hymn to Apollo; and on his return home, the Trojan poem received the last touch of the great limner.

Thence he journeyed to Cumæ, where the citizens, after having received him with triumphal honors, and listened to his rhapsodies† with ecstasy, denied him a

called from the river Meles. Suidas tells us he was called Homerus or the blind man, not because he was deprived of sight, but that he was blind to avarice and covetousness, which operate on the human mind by means of the eyes.—Basil Faber, on this point, writes thus:—“Cæcum autem fuisse Homerum multorum litteris pròditum est, ideoque Homerum dictum. Cumæi enim et Iones captos oculis *ὁμῆρας* appellant, quasi homeris, id est itineris ducibus egeant.”—The learned Lexicographer Holyoke asserts that he was called Homer, because given as a *hostage* in the war between the Smyrneans and Colophonians.—L’Abbé Ladvoat has given us to understand as the result of his research in this matter, that he was called Homer from the afflicting circumstance of his losing his sight at Colophon in company with Mentès the navigator, which circumstance see in page 15 of our remarks on his life.—Proclus says that according to some writers the name was given him in Æolia on occasion of his falling blind, the word homer, in that dialect, signifying a blind man. Without saying more on that head, homer signifies ‘him that cannot see,’—*Ὁ μὴ ὁρᾷ*.

† The profession of *ΑΟΙΔΟΣ* or bard during Homer’s day was enviable and revered. Mac Pherson in his Ossian, gives perhaps a just idea of the estimation in which the bards of olden times were held, and the court of Brian Borhoime afforded many striking examples of it. One of the most refined classical critics of our language, observes, that “Few people have

subsistence from the public exchequer. Homer left them in a violent rage, bequeathing to them among other imprecations, one which he considered the bit-

conceived a just opinion of this profession, or entered into its dignity. The reason of which I take to be, says he, that we have no modern character like it : for I should be unwilling to admit the Irish or Highland Rüners to a share of the honour; though their business, which is to entertain a company with the recital of some adventure, resembles a part of the other. The Trovadores or Troubadours of Provence, the earliest of the moderns that showed any vein for poetry, have a better claim. They sung their verses to the harp, or other instrument they could use, and attained to a just cadence and return of verse in their stanzas ; but had neither manners nor language for great attempts.

This ignorance of an ancient character has made some ingenious men, and admirers of Homer, take pains to vindicate him from it, as a mean and contemptible calling ; or at least to dissemble and slur it over. It was indeed no life of wealth or power, but of great ease and much honour. The ΑΟΙΔΟΙ were welcome to Kings and courts ; were necessary at feasts and sacrifices ; and were highly revered by the people. The Phæacian Poet is described

————— ΕΠΗΡΩΝ ΑΟΙΔΩΝ
ΔΗΜΟΔΟΚΟΝ, ΛΑΟΙΣΙ ΤΕΤΙΜΗΜΕΝΟΝ.

—— *Valde amabilem vatem,
Demodocum, populis honoratum.*

It will easily be granted, that men pinched in their living, and forced to have their thoughts ever upon the stretch for subsistence, cannot have room for rapturous views, and poetic strains. Now, if we were to sit down and contrive, what kind of life is the least obnoxious to these inconveniences, we shall find none so free from care, business, or want, as that of a bard. It is exactly the easy, independent state, that is unaw-

terest ; "*that a poet might never arise among them to celebrate their city.*"

At Chios, says the spurious Herodotus, he married. This is fabulous, for the most creditable writers state that he led a life of the strictest celibacy, and even officiated as a priest of Diana and Apollo in Delos.

From this period till his death, every incident is couched in fable and hyperbole. It is uncertain where or how he died. The same obscurity that involves his cradle and hangs around his career, enshrouds his exit from the world. Almost every author on this subject refutes his predecessor, and little more than a superfection of hypothesis on allegory, can be deduced from their combined observations. Each one kills him according to his particular fancy, and buries him where he pleases. It would be a supererogatory task to enumerate the several ways by which authors tell us he died. Some say he was borne up to heaven in the arms of Apollo, and

‘Rose like an exhalation mid the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.’

This is quite as likely as the story found in Valerius Maximus. As it is a curious one, we will transcribe it. While Homer was travelling through the Cyclades, some fishermen asked him for a solution of the following

ed by laws, and the regards, that molest us in communities ; that knows no duties or obligations but those of hospitality and humanity ; that subjects the mind to no tincture of discipline, but lays it open to all the natural sensations, with which the various parts of the universe affect a sagacious, perceptive genius.”

enigma:* “We leave behind what we have caught, and carry away with us what we have not taken.” Homer ineffectually puzzled his brains for a solution, and set them in such a ferment, that disease supervened and the august bard *died*—because forsooth he could not tell some filthy fishermen that they referred to their *lice*; for such as they caught, they left behind, and carried with them what they had not taken. This delicate tale of *Maximus* needs no scholia.

Nearly every island in the Mediterranean claimed his tomb: Ios, now Nio, an island in the Myrtoan sea, had the best claim, as appears from Suidas and Herodotus. Yet the inhabitants of Cos, who boasted of possessing his remains, had a superb sepulchre, perhaps a cenotaph for him, where, like the Persians around the tomb of Hafiz, they assembled to chaunt his praises and rehearse his verses.

As a poet Homer is above all eulogy. The ancients adored him, the world in every age admitted him to be peerless, and an illustrious father† of the church grants that he was inspired. His works were, and still continue to be, the delight of the young and the old, the poet, the philosopher, the prince, and the peasant. They were to be found as well in the cottage of the rustic, as in the jewelled casket of the most magnificent conqueror that ever existed; who once perceiving an ambassador enter his palace, in breathless haste, ex-

* Symposius, the enigmatist, gives it thus :

Est nova nostrarum cunctis captura ferarum ;
 Ut si quod capias, id tu tibi ferre recuses,
 Et quod non capias, tecum tamen ipse reportes.

† St. Chrysostom.

claiming that he was the bearer of great good news—"What," interrupted the emperor, "has Homer come to life again?" On hearing the negative, "Oh happy, happy Achilles," ejaculated he, "that had a Homer to celebrate thy achievements."

The style of Homer is perspicuous, laconic,* graceful and magnificent; his thoughts sublime, natural, and touching; his verses sweet, forcible, and grand; his descriptions just and accurate; his images sparkling and animated: nature, in a word, is so admirably mirrored in his works that every part has motion, life, and action.

Scholiasts contend which can praise him most, and poets themselves, so far and proudly did he soar above the shot of envy, vie with each other in resounding his eulogies—the most convincing testimony of his peerless excellence. Dionysius Halicarnasseus falls into the most ludicrous excesses on this head, calling him "the fountain of all that is pure, the sun of all that is bright," and many other such extravagant encomiums.

Nor was the illustrious Duke of Buckingham less enthusiastic in his devotion to the great Bard, than the excellent antiquarian just mentioned. In an essay on this subject, he says:

* By *laconism* we do not mean the utterance or writing of few syllables, but the happy combination of perspicuity with succinctness. In this sense, Homer is the most laconic of poets, and Antimachus decidedly the reverse, for he is the most obscure. The Emperor Adrian, a prince of wonderful abilities, infatuated with this *gordian* style, composed several books in imitation of Antimachus, whom he desired to *substitute for Homer*, in the schools. The consequence was that not a line of his books was worth preserving, and but a few of the more lucid fragments of his model are extant.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more ;
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
 Verse will seem prose : but still persist to read,
 And Homer will be all the books you need.

A very absurd parallel* has been drawn between the great master and his imitator Virgil. 'Tis even doubtful whether the latter understood the use of that original, amazing, allegorical colouring, laid on with such ineffable grace, and so inimitable a knowledge of the *chiaro scuro*, by the Grecian. The heroes of the Roman are dim, feeble, languishing shadows, with little

* Among the bombastic panegyrics passed by parasites on almost every poem that appeared a couple of centuries ago, we often find a pompous parallel drawn between Homer and some nameless poetito ; the former as a thing of course, is set down as quite inferior to the latter. For example, the following delicate eulogy on one Scarfo :

Hic Scarfo sistit, *quo nec contendet Homerus,*
 Nec contendendo Mantua prima feret.

And as a companion picture, we may present this by a being very properly called Worm.

Artis Pæoniæ decus, Medentûm
 Flos, rarum columen chori sophorum !
 Sol noster charitumque *Bartolinus*.
 Magnum perpetuumque *Bartolini*
 Sit nomen: date serta *Bartolino*,
 Naiades Dryadesque *Bartolinum*
 Cuncti extollite. Docte *Bartoline*!
 Dejecta est Sophia absque *Bartolino*.
 Quid mirum ? tibi debet universus
 Mundus, Numina quæ marina solvunt.

Olaus Worm.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.

variety of character. His principal one is stately enough, if we omit that he was what the knight of the rueful countenance says of Amadis, "a little blubber eyed" —if we omit this and the cave adventure, Æneas might pass for a tolerable Roman Senator. His women, when we except the suicidal queen, take a very unimportant rôle on the stage, and pass before our eyes only in dumb show as supernumeraries or figurantes. He succeeds best in the tender and pathetic, and is in some passages inimitable, particularly in that *chastely selected translation* from Theocritus, *the Pastorals*. Dido is very amiable ; yet it is unaccountable that so noble a being should languish after Æneas, a young gentleman who had nothing else to recommend him, but his speaking in as florid poetry as Virgil himself. Anna is softly and tenderly painted, but Lavinia who should form the heroine of the piece, is scarcely touched, or at best very roughly crayoned.

The characters of Homer are, on the contrary, strongly marked, well diversified and admirably arranged. Without that stoicism and starchness which unnaturally encircle the persons of Virgil's heroes, Homer is charming in allowing his to condescend to adopt the foibles and imperfections of human nature. Thus, while we admire the patriotism, candour and unbounded courage of that Hotspur, Achilles, we are reminded that he is tinctured with envy and malice, haughty and revengeful. Agamemnon, the august monarch, the soul of majesty and magnanimity, is not ashamed to avow his passion for a captive maid, and frankly declare in the face of his whole army, that "he likes her far better than his wife, the beautiful Clytemnestra of the prime Grecian nobility." He is occasionally tortured with *fear* ; his teeth chatter, his knees smite, he beats his breast, tears his

hair, and appears in such a piteous taking, that were we not aware of his personal courage, we might set him down for a complete Captain Bobadil. Even the most unimportant characters have their peculiar attributes and habits—nay the same quality possessed by each, is in each modified and varied. Thus though Achilles, Ajax, Agamemnon, Diomed, Idomeneus, Hector, and Sarpedon, all possess courage, yet this virtue assumes different shapes in each character. The valour of Achilles is furious, cholerick and unmanageable; of Ajax, heavy and confident; of Agamemnon, lofty and ambitious; of Diomed, forward, but easily tractable to advice; of Idomeneus, frank and direct; of Hector, determined and cautious; of Sarpedon, gallant and generous. We might extend similar observations on the rest to an almost infinite length; but the most amazing feature of his poetry, is the interweaving of that allegorical machinery, so exquisitely and sublimely, with the historical parts. Mr. Pope, who has made Homer talk better English than any other language but his own, speaks thus of his figurative embellishments:—

“If we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer wrapped up in his Allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer, and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in

having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner, it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance, for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

“The Marvellous Fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the Gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind has been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.”

In the use of these sublime allegories,* far from

* As an example of the Homeric allegories, let us observe how accurately the celestials (the habitudes of mind, and climate) are distributed among the contending forces in the Iliad.

The Greeks, naturally wise and brave, and so formed by the temperature of their climate, have Pallas and Juno of their party. The Trojans have Mars, (the impetuous sally of war,) Venus (effeminacy), and Apollo, a mixed kind of

having a rival, Homer has not even an imitator, a fact which Aristotle prophesied upwards of two thousand years ago. A prolonged metaphor, or personification,

divinity; the god of heat, ecstatic music, and poetic passion. Jupiter, (the universal nature, and particularly the influences of the celestial region,) favours sometimes the one and sometimes the other, but generally the Greeks. Neptune is entirely Grecian; as they were lords of the sea. Mercury and Diana have little to do in the war, but are mentioned by the poet, the one from the Egyptian tradition as Latona's opponent, and the conductor of departed souls; the other, as a power, no friend to the ladies, whom she kills at pleasure. These are what we may call the active Gods, and this is their general arrangement. As for Saturn or time, Ceres or the earth, Pluto or hell, they are a kind of *stable deities* that support the whole of things, but have little particular influence upon any single action.

If we descend to their several parts, and look nearer still into the poet's conduct, we shall find every God in his becoming employment, and acting consistently with the power he represents. Phœbus or the sun, the God of heat and health, in his wrath sends a plague. Achilles, from a sensation of the corruption of the air now unwholesome, or, in the poet's style, being warned by Juno, calls an assembly: provoked by Agamemnon, Pallas (reflection,) reasons with him, and quiets him. His armour is made by Vulcan; and his vast nimbleness and humidity make him properly the son of a sea goddess. The wise and patient Ulysses is favoured by Minerva; and it is very remarkable, that Homer never varies this tutelar numen, nor represents his hero under any other tuition than that of the blue-eyed maids. It might have embellished his narration, and given play to his fancy; but he has preferred the truth of the character, and stuck close to his allegory. The frequent shipwrecks, and bad fortune of the hero at sea, are told in poetical language, by saying, he was hated by Neptune, in the same manner as the man who committed any out-

is the utmost extent to which later poets have stretched their imaginations. The man who, in our opinion, approximates most closely to the figurative style of the Grecian, is Lorenzo de Medici,* a name comparatively

rage when drunk, was under the displeasure of Bacchus. The other chiefs mentioned in the Iliad are frequently assisted or protected by some divine person, according to the nature of the occasion, and their personal qualities.—*Life of Homer.*

Yet sublime and beautiful as are those fanciful embellishments, Homer turns them into complete caricature in his *Batrachomyomachia*.

* This wonderful individual has given some allegorical touches, not unworthy the pencil of Homer. As an illustration, we may produce his picture of *Hope*, of which uncertainty is, in some degree, the characteristic, and his account of *the lover's chain*.

È una donna di statura immensa,
La cima de' capelli al ciel par monti;
Formata, e vestita è di nebbia densa;
Abita il sommo de' più alti monti,
Se i nugoli guardando un forma, pensa
Nove forme veder d'animal pronti,
Che'l vento muta, e poi di nuovo signe,
Così Amor questa vana dipigne.

Immense of bulk, her towering head she shows,
Her floating tresses seem to touch the skies,
Dark mists her unsubstantial shape compose,
And on the mountain's top her dwelling lies.
As when the clouds fantastic shapes disclose,
For ever varying to the gazer's eyes,
Till on the breeze the changeful hues escape,
Thus vague her form, and mutable her shape.

Seguon questa infelice in ogni parte
Il sogno, e l' augurio, e la bugia,
E chiromanti, ed ogni fallace arte,

little known, but one of the finest poets, and most magnificent men that Italy ever produced. Milton, though endowed with an angelic invention, is in this respect,

Sorte, indovini, e falza profezia:
 La vocale, e la scritta in sciocche carte,
 Che dicon, quando è stato, quel che fia;
 L'alchimia, e chi di terra il ciel misura,
 E fatta a volontà la congettura.

Illusive beings round their sovereign wait,
 Deceitful dreams, and auguries, and lies,
 Innumerable arts the gaping crowd that cheat,
 Predictions wild, and groundless prophecies;
 With wondrous words, or written rolls of fate,
 Foretelling—when 'tis past—what yet shall rise;
 And alchymy, and astrologic skill,
 And fond conjecture—always form'd at will.

THE LOVER'S KNOT.

Non già così la mia bella catena
 Stringe il mio cor gentil, pien di dolcezza:
 Di tre nodi composta lieto il mena
 Col le sue mani; il promo fe bellezza,
 La pietà l'altro per sì dolce pena,
 E l'altro amor; nè tempo alcun gli spezza:
 La bella mano insieme poi gli strinse
 E di sì dolce laccio il cor avvinse.

* * *

Quando tessuta fu questa catena,
 L'aria, la terra, il ciel lieto concorse:
 L'aria non fu giammai tanto serena,
 Nè il sol giammai sì bella luce porse:
 Di frondi giovinette, e di fior piena
 La terra lieta, ov'un chiar rivo corse:
 Ciprigna in grembo al padre il dì si mise,
 Rieta mirò dal ciel quel loco, e rise.

Dal divin capo, ed amoroso seno,
 Prese con ambo man rose diverse,

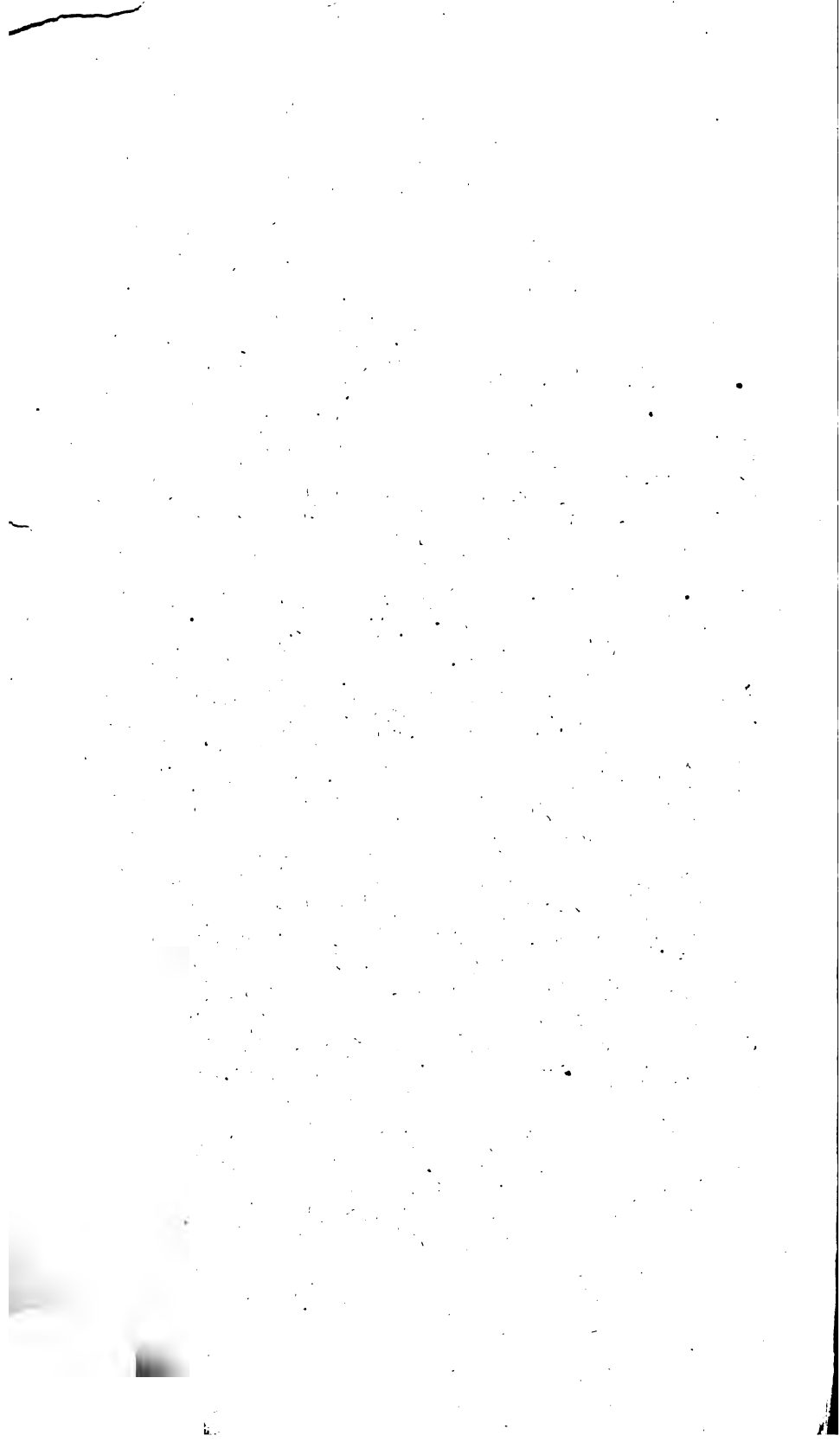
very feeble : his allegory of sin and death is unnatural, shallow and irrelevant. Tasso's supernatural machinery does not deserve the name of allegory, inasmuch as the imagery embodies no instructive lesson, nor distant meaning ; but is thrust in, head and shoulders, for the sake of imitation ; for ever since Homer set the example, this apparatus, however employed, has been deemed essential to the organization of a perfect Epic. The author of the " Arabian Nights," is in his kind inimitable, and according to Sir William Jones, little inferior in invention to Homer himself.

E le sparse nel ciel quieto e sereno :
 Di questi fior la mia donna coperse.
 Giove benigno, di letizia pieno,
 Gli umani orecchi quel bel giorno aperse
 A sentir la celeste melodia,
 Che in canti, ritmi, e suon, dal ciel venia.

Dear are those bonds my willing heart that bind,
 Form'd of three chords, in mystic union twin'd ;
 The first by beauty's rosy fingers wove,
 The next by pity, and the third by love.
 —The hour that gave this wondrous texture birth,
 Saw in sweet union, heaven, and air, and earth ;
 Serene and soft all ether breath'd delight,
 The sun diffus'd a mild and temper'd light ;
 New leaves the trees, sweet flowers adorned the mead,
 And sparkling rivers gush'd along the gladé.
 Repos'd on Jove's own breast, his favourite child
 The Cyprian queen, beheld the scene and smil'd ;
 Then with both hands, from her ambrosial head,
 And amorous breast, a shower of roses shed,
 The heavenly shower descending soft and slow,
 Pour'd all its fragrance on my fair below ;
 Whilst all benign the ruler of the spheres
 To sounds celestial open'd mortal ears.

Thus far we have discussed the several points in which the great Bard stands like his own Apollo, "all glorious and alone." It now becomes us to offer a few remarks on the *authenticity of the Hymns*. The first who affected to dispute it, was a nameless scholiast of Pindar. These gentlemen are sometimes very useful; but we all know that their opinions, on matters of fact, are entitled to no great importance, and somewhat *ultra crepidam*. But as this commentator refutes himself by quoting three lines* of Hesiod, which seem to determine the question, it is unnecessary for us to say any more about him. We might appeal for the genuineness of these poems to the intrinsic analogy of ideas between them and Homer's other works; but we have a still higher tribunal which at once settles the question, viz. that of the learned and accurate Thucydides, who quotes these very hymns as compositions of our poet, and whose authority, in these matters, is worth that of a legion of scholiasts.

* 'Εν Δήλῳ, τότε πρῶτ' ἐγὼ καὶ Ὅμηρ' Ἀοιδὸν
Μίλπομαι, ἐν νεαροῖς ὕμνοις ῥάψαντες ἀοιδὴν,
Φοῖβον Ἀπόλλωνα χρυσάρεον, ὃν τίνα Λητὼ.



HYMNS OF HOMER.

HYMN I.—TO APOLLO.

God of the silver shaft, thy form shall long,
O Phœbus, sparkle in my soul and song ;
That form which when thy steps of glory move
Along the azure battlements of Jove,
With awful terror strikes each breast sublime,
And spreads a panic thro' the starry clime.
Whene'er thy beaming bow salutes their eyes,
Up from their seats the Gods' respectful rise,
All but Latona, she remains alone
With thund'ring Jove upon a golden throne ;
And when her progeny has slack'd the chord,
And each bright arrow in his quiver stor'd,²

¹ The first part of this allegory is simple enough. By the 'silver' or golden shaft, is meant the *Sun-beam*; by Apollo, the *Sun* itself, which when it revolves (according to the old doctrine, or moves "along the azure battlements of Jove," (*the zodiac*) spreads a panic—by this panic is meant, the optical illusion of the stars (*gods*) trembling at the approach of dawn, and by their abandoning their thrones is meant their disappearance before the sun. The natural phenomenon personated by Latona is not understood. It is probable she may represent order, which in conjunction with the skies (*Jove*) is manifest (*keep their thrones*) during the day (*while Apollo is present in Heaven*).

² To continue the solution of this astronomic allegory, when Apollo hides his darts (*when the sun sets*), Latona (*or*

She with her radiant hands in action mild
 Takes from the graceful shoulders of her child
 The Delphic bow, suspending it within
 His father's halls upon a golden pin,
 Then to a regal tripod near her own
 She leads, with conscious pride, her stately son.
 For him the Thunderer bids the goblet glow,³
 Wines blush in gold, and ruby nectar flow;
 Gives him the cup, a boon but rarely giv'n,
 And shows him proudly to the host of heav'n.
 The rite achieved, each God resumes his throne,⁴
 And bright Latona glories in her son.
 Well mayst thou glory, nymph of every grace,
 Illustrious stock of an illustrious race!
 For from thy womb did pure Diana spring,
 Queen of the chase, and Pythius the king;
 She in Ortygia's hallow'd clime was born,
 He on the Delian hills beheld the morn,
 Beneath a palm, that near the Cynthian glade
 Of gay Inopus shed its cooling shade.
 Oh! radiant God! how shall my soul aspire
 To bid thy anthems thrill an earthly lyre;
 How shall I dare the votive song to raise,
 Since far thy merits soar above my praise!
 Or shall a mortal tongue the song rehearse,
 Of him, the sire of harmony and verse?
 Whether through climes, or islets of the main,
 Thou'ld'st thy flock to crop the grassy plain,

der) takes away his bow (*the power of emitting light*) and suspends it on golden pins, viz. on the *stars and moon*, which enjoy that power till the return of the sun.

³ This is but a picture of a splendid sunset.

⁴ When the sun sets the stars re-appear, and the order of nature (Latona) is obeyed.

The pending crags, the mountains half in heav'n,
 Ports, shores, and rivers to the ocean driv'n—
 All—all aloud the swelling pæan raised,
 And the whole earth its own Apollo praised.

The light first dawned upon thy infant smile,
 Near Cynthia's mountain, in the rugged isle
 Of sea-zoned Delos, o'er whose gloomy waste
 Tumultuous rolled and roared the ocean blast—
 Thence all mankind thy great commands obey,
 And Crete and Athens own thy sceptral sway,
 Ægina's⁵ realm, that in the billow dips,
 And fair Eubœa⁶ fam'd for gallant ships,
 Erisia, Æga⁷ rich in flow'r and tree,
 And Peparethus,⁸ beetling o'er the sea,

⁵ Ægina, an island formerly called Ænopia and now Engia, in a part of the Ægean sea, called Saronicus Sinus, about 22 miles in circumference. The inhabitants were once destroyed by a pestilence, and the country was repeopled by ants changed into men by Jupiter, at the prayer of king Æacus. They were once a very powerful nation by sea, and according to Strabo, second to the Athenians only: *περὶ πρῶτην ἀμφισβητήσαντά ποτε πρὸς Ἀθηναίους ἐν τῇ περὶ Σαλαμῖνα ναυμαχίᾳ κατὰ τὰ Περσικά.*

⁶ Eubœa, the largest island excepting Crete in the Ægean sea. Homer does not mean that it possessed the most powerful navy, but that it required gallant ships and skilful mariners to brave the dangers of a coast so perilous, and the almost perpetual tempest that blew around the island.

Est humilis unda . . .

Ubi saxa rapidis clusa vorticibus tegit

Fallax Caphareus.

Seneca. Agamem. vers. 558.

⁷ Æga, an island between Tenedos and Chios.

⁸ Peparethus, a small cliffy island on the Macedonian coast. It reared the most luxuriant olives and furnished the best wine

The Pelian⁹ summits, star-crowned Athos¹⁰ glades,

then known. Apollodorus the physician, in a letter to Ptolemy in which he indicates the most excellent kind of wine, desires him to drink that of Peparethus invariably.—*Pliny Lib. XIV. Cap. VII.*

Et Gyaros nitidæque ferax Peparethus olivæ.

Ovid. Met. VII.

⁹ Pelian summits. This Thessalian hill is known in fable as the residence of giants and centaurs. The allegory of their placing Ossa on its top in order to scale the heavens with more ease, is unknown.

¹⁰ Athos, a mountain of Macedonia 150 miles in circumference, projecting into the Ægean sea like a promontory. It is so high that it overshadows the island of Lemnos, though at the distance of 87 miles; or, according to modern calculation, only eight leagues. When Xerxes invaded Greece, he made a trench of a-mile and a half in length at the foot of the mountain, into which he brought the sea-water, and conveyed his fleet over it, so that two ships could pass one another, thus desirous either to avoid the danger of sailing round the promontory, or to show his vanity and the extent of his power.—A sculptor, called Dinoerates, offered Alexander to cut mount Athos, and to make with it a statue of the King holding a town in his left hand, and in the right a spacious basin, to receive all the waters which flowed from it. Alexander greatly admired the plan, but objected to the place; and he observed, that the neighbouring country was not sufficiently fruitful to produce corn and provisions for the inhabitants which were to dwell in the city, in the hand of the statue. Athos is now called Monte Santo, famous for monasteries, said to contain some ancient and valuable manuscripts. *Lemp.—Herodot. 6, c. 44, l. 7, c. 21, &c.—Lucan. 2, v. 672.—Ælian. de Anim. 13, c. 20, &c.—Plin. 4, c. 10.—Æschin. contra Ctesiph.*

Seymnus describes it very perspicuously:

Τὴν Ἄθω δι' παραπλεύσαντι παράλιος πόλιν
 Ἀκανθίς, ἴσιν, Ἀνδρείαν ἀποκία,
 Παρ' ἣν διώρυξ δύνυται τετμημένη
 Ἑπτὰ σταδίοις εἰς ἔξιν λόγιον αὐτὴν τεμνῶν
 Εἴτ' Ἀμφίπολις.

Samos¹¹ in Thrace, and Ida's¹² sacred shades,
Phocœa,¹³ Scyros,¹⁴ Autocana's¹⁵ tow'rs,

¹¹ Samos, or rather Samothrace, to which Homer refers, is situated in the Ægean sea near the mouth of the Hebrus. It was a sacred and inviolable asylum to the persecuted, and is famous for being the site of a most gorgeous temple to Juno.

¹² Ida, a celebrated mountain, or more properly a ridge of mountains in Troas, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Troy. The abundance of its waters became the source of many rivers, and particularly of the Simois, Scamander, Æsepus, Granicus, &c. It was on mount Ida that the shepherd Paris adjudged the prize of beauty to the goddess Venus. It was covered with green wood, and the elevation of its top opened a fine extensive view of the Hellespont and the adjacent countries, from which reason the poets say that it was frequented by the gods during the Trojan war. *Lemp.*—*Strab.* 13.—*Mela*, 1, c. 18.—*Homer. Il.* 14, v. 283.—*Virg. Æn.* 3, 5, &c.—*Ovid. Fast.* 4, v. 79.—*Horat.* 3, od. 11. It was here also that Jupiter was nourished, says Strabo, who gives as minute and detailed an account of its proportions as a modern traveller would give of Chimborazo.

¹³ Phocœa. It is most probable that Homer here alludes to Zephyra, sometimes called Phoce, and according to Vossius, often Phocœa in the ancient MSS., an island near Crete.

¹⁴ Scyros, a rocky and barren island in the Ægean, at the distance of about 28 miles north-east from Eubœa, sixty miles in circumference. It was originally in the possession of the Pelasgians and Carians. Achilles retired there not to go to the Trojan war, and became father of Neoptolemus by Deidamia, the daughter of King Lycomedes. Scyros was conquered by the Athenians under Cimon. *Lemp.*—*Homer. Od.* 10, v. 503.—*Ovid. Met.* 7, v. 464, l. 13, v. 156.—*Paus.* 1, c. 7.—*Strab.* 9. It is also famous for the exile and death of Theseus, king of Athens.

¹⁵ Autocana. This place is neither mentioned by Pliny, Cellarius, Dionysius, nor any of the antiquarians.

With shoaly Lemnos¹⁶ and the Imbrian¹⁷ bow'rs ;

¹⁶ Lemnos, an island in the Ægean sea, between Tenedos, Imbros, and Samothrace. It was sacred to Vulcan, called *Lemnius pater*, who fell there when kicked down from heaven by Jupiter. It was celebrated for two horrible massacres, that of the Lemnian women murdering their husbands, and that of the Lemnians, or Pelasgi, in killing all the children they had by some Athenian women, whom they carried away to become their wives. These two acts of cruelty have given rise to the proverb of *Lemnian actions*, which is applied to all barbarous and inhuman deeds. The first inhabitants of Lemnos were the Pelasgi, or rather the Thracians, who were murdered by their wives. After them came the children of the Lemnian widows by the Argonauts, whose descendants were at last expelled by the Pelasgi, about 1100 years before the Christian era. Lemnos is about 112 miles in circumference, according to Pliny, who says, that it is often shadowed by mount Athos, though at the distance of 87 miles. It has been called *Hipsipyle*, from queen Hipsipyle. It is famous for a certain kind of earth or chalk, called *terra Lemnia*, or *terra sigillata*, from the seal or impression which it can bear. As the inhabitants were chiefly blacksmiths, the poets have taken occasion to fix the forges of Vulcan in that island, and to consecrate the whole country to his divinity. Lemnos is also celebrated for a labyrinth, which, according to some traditions, surpassed those of Crete and Egypt. Some remains of it were still visible in the age of Pliny. The island of Lemnos, now called *Stalimene*, was reduced under the power of Athens by Miltiades, and the Carians, who then inhabited it, were obliged to emigrate. *Lemp.*—*Virg. Æn.* 8, v. 454.—*Homer. Il.* 1, v. 593.—*C. Nep. in Milt.*—*Strab.* 1, 2, and 7.—*Herodot.* 6, c. 140.—*Mela*, 2. c. 7.—*Apollon.* 1, arg.—*Flac.* 2, v. 78.—*Ovid. Art. Am.* 3, v. 672.—*Stat. 3. Theb.* 674.

¹⁷ Imbros, an Ægean Island.—The three divinities worshipped there, were Apollo, Ceres, and Hermes.

Ἰμβρος νῆσος ἐστὶ, ἐκὰς Καβείρων καὶ Ἑρμῆ.

Στίφαν.

Lesbos, bright Ælion's hallow'd cradle too,
 That isle that basks in elemental blue,
 Chios,¹⁸ the loveliest isle of earth, that laves
 Its bursting beauties in the ambient waves,
 The cliffs that gem the Mimian¹⁹ hill of light,
 Claros²⁰ and Æsageas' cloudy height,
 Corycos,²¹ Samos²² rich in stream and fount,
 Miletus' halls, Mycale's²³ bosky mount,
 Carpathos,²⁴ rotund whose shores the tempests toss,

¹⁸ Chios, an Ægean island so called from *χιων, snow*, either from its mountains being often covered with snow, or from the white marble cliffs so numerous there. It furnished, and to this day affords the most excellent wine of the Grecian islands. Athenæus says that CEnopion, a son of Bacchus, taught the Chians the art of cultivating the grape and obtaining red wines. The variety of calcareous carbonates found in this island is almost infinite.

The Chians, as we have observed before, pretended that Homer was their countryman: however this be, Chios had the honor of producing several extraordinary characters, among whom, were Theocritus the father of pastoral poetry, Ion the tragedian, Theopompus the philosopher, and Metrodorus the preceptor of Hippocrates and Anaxarchus.

¹⁹ Mimas, a mountain in Ionia, celebrated by Homer and Pausanias as abounding in monsters, and being for a time the residence of the Erythræan sibyl.

²⁰ Claros. A grove and temple in Ionia, sacred to Apollo. Κλάρως ὕδρος καὶ πόλις Ἀσιας, ἱερὰ Ἀπέλλωνος, ἀφ' ἧ καὶ Κλαρίος ὁ Ἀπόλλων.—Tzetzes.

²¹ Corycos. An Ionian mountain.

²² Samos, an Asiatic island, situated opposite Ephesus, and no less famous than Chios. Juno, who was there worshipped with great splendor, was the sole divinity of the island.—*Ἰμβρασίης ἰδος Ἡρῆς*.—*Argon. lib. 1.*

²³ Mycale, an Ionian mountain and city.

²⁴ Carpathos, called by Homer in his catalogue of ships,

High Cnidus²⁵ and the snowy walls of Cos,²⁶
 Naxos, and Paros, and Renœa's steep,
 That tow'rs a rocky fortress o'er the deep.

probably for the sake of metre, Crapathos, is an island situated between Crete and Rhodes. It gave name to the surrounding sea, and was sometimes called Tetrapolis from its having four cities.

²⁵ Cnidus, a town of Caria, in the province called Doris, was the birth place of Eudoxus. Venus, its tutelary deity, received from it the name of Cnidian Venus. Her naked statue, the most finished and beautiful production of Praxiteles, was placed in a temple open at all sides, so that at whatever point it was viewed it excited equal admiration. So singular was its beauty, says Pliny, that it inflamed with a violent passion another Pygmalion, who in the dark, endeavoured to animate a cold and insensible representation of a most charming woman. The Cnidians could not be prevailed upon to part with this chef d'œuvre, for the immense sum offered them for it by Nicomedes, king of Bithynia. Pliny makes this action the basis of a eulogy on the Cnidians, who cherished an enthusiasm for the fine arts, and would not part with a statue which had rendered their city immortal. Combined with an elegant taste, they had a genius for great enterprizes. They determined to cut through the base of their promontory and convert their peninsula into an island: a most laudable task, and one which would have saved their ships, as well from the tedious route round cape Tropium, as from the dangers of a tempestuous sea. But the Pythian Oracle, by an obscure hexameter distich, suspended a work that would have conduced to the security, prosperity, and happiness of the people. "If Jupiter," said this mystic being, "had so desired it, he himself would have done it:" a very silly answer, and one calculated to divert man from the execution of noble and great enterprizes.

²⁶ Cos, an island of the Myrtoan sea, famous for being the native soil of Hippocrates, Senius, another illustrious physician, Apelles the prince of painters, Ariston a celebrated peripatetic,

Latona, pregnant with the radiant God,
 On beaming footsteps o'er each region trod,
 To find a clime among the climes of earth,
 Fit for her travail and a Godhead's birth :
 But chilled with fear, each region heard her moan,
 Reluctant fearing to receive her son ;
 Till faint she saw the hills of Delos²⁷ rise,
 And thus began the offspring of the skies :

and Philetas an excellent elegiac poet, who was so thin and light that he was obliged to wear lead to prevent his being blown away by a puff of wind. The silks of Oos, the *vestes Coæ*, were very fashionable among women of distinction at Rome, for though they covered they did not conceal. The master piece of Apelles, Venus rising from the sea, stood there in a magnificent temple dedicated to Æsculapius, till Augustus carried it with other booty to Rome.

²⁷ Delos. As this is the island most importantly connected with our work, inasmuch as it was the birth-place of Apollo and Diana, some say of Homer ; we must unavoidably be somewhat lengthy in speaking of it.

It is an island of the Archipelago, famous in ancient history. Originally it is said to have been a floating island, but afterwards it became fixed and immoveable. It was held sacred on account of its being the birth-place of Apollo and Diana. Anciently this island was governed by its own kings. Virgil mentions one Anius reigning here in the time of the Trojan war. He was, according to that poet, both king and high priest of Apollo, and entertained Æneas with great kindness. The Persians allowed the Delians to enjoy their ancient liberties after they had reduced the rest of the Grecian islands. In after ages, the Athenians made themselves masters of it ; and held it till they were driven out by Mithridates the Great, who plundered the rich temple of Apollo, and obliged the Delians to side with him. At present it is quite abandoned ; the lands being covered with ruins and rubbish, in such a man-

“Delos, permit me here to make abode,
And be the hallow'd cradle of a God.

ner as to be unsusceptible of cultivation. Strabo and Callimachus tell us that the island of Delos was watered by the river Inapus; but Pliny calls it only a spring; and adds, that its waters swelled and abated at the same time with those of the Nile. At present there is no river in the island, but one of the noblest springs in the world; being twelve paces in diameter, and inclosed partly by rocks and partly by a wall. Mount Cynthus, whence Apollo had the surname of *Cynthius*; is by Strabo placed near the city, and said to have been so high, that the whole island was covered by its shadow; it is but one block of granite of the ordinary sort, cut on that side which faced the city into regular steps, and inclosed on both sides by a wall. On the top of the mountain are still to be seen the remains of a stately building, with a mosaic pavement, many broken pillars, and other valuable monuments of antiquity. From an inscription discovered there some time ago, and which mentions a vow made to Serapis, Isis, and Anubis, some have conjectured, that on this hill stood a temple dedicated to these Egyptian deities, though no where mentioned in history. The city of Delos, as is manifest from the magnificent ruins still extant, took up that spacious plain reaching from one coast to the other. It was well peopled, and the richest city in the Archipelago, especially after the destruction of Corinth. Strabo calls it one of the most frequented empories in the world; and Pliny tells us, that all the commodities of Europe and Asia were sold, purchased, or exchanged there. It contained many noble and stately buildings; as, the temples of Apollo, Diana, and Latona; the porticoes of Philip of Macedon, and Dionysius Eutyches; a gymnasium; an oval basin made at an immense expense, for the representation of sea fights; and a most magnificent theatre. The temple of Apollo was, according to Plutarch, begun by Erysichton the son of Cecrops, but afterwards enlarged and embellished at the common charge of all the states of Greece. Plutarch tells us that

Nursed in thy valleys, tend my offspring here,
A world shall bless thee, and a world shall fear:

it was one of the most stately buildings in the universe; and speaks of an altar in it, which, in his opinion, deserved a place among the wonders of the world. It was built with the horns of various animals, so ingeniously adapted to one another, that they hung together without any cement. This altar is said to have been a perfect cube; and the doubling it was a famous mathematical problem among the ancients. This went under the name of *Problema Deliacum*; and is said to have been proposed by the oracle, for the purpose of freeing the country from a plague. The distemper was to cease when the problem was solved.—The trunk of the famous statue of Apollo, mentioned by Strabo and Pliny, is still an object of great admiration to travellers. It is without head, feet, arms, or legs; but from the parts that are yet remaining, it plainly appears, that the ancients did not exaggerate when they commended it as a wonder of art. It was of a gigantic size, though cut out of a single block of marble; the shoulders being six feet broad, and the thighs nine feet round. At a small distance from this statue lies, among confused heaps of broken columns, architraves, bases, chapiters, &c. a square piece of marble, fifteen and a half feet long, ten feet nine inches broad, and two feet three inches thick; which undoubtedly served as a pedestal for this colossus. It bears in very fair characters this inscription in Greek, “The Naxians to Apollo.” Plutarch tells us, in the life of Nicias, that he caused to be set up near the temple of Delos, an huge palm tree of brass, which he consecrated to Apollo; and adds, that a violent storm of wind threw down this tree on a colossian statue raised by the inhabitants of Naxos. Round the temple were magnificent porticoes built at the charge of various princes, as appears from inscriptions which are still very plain. The names of Philip king of Macedon, Dionysius Eutyches, Mithridates Euergetes, Mithridates Eupater, kings of Pontus, and Nicomedes king of Bithynia, are found on several pedestals.—To this temple the inhabi-

Erect his fane, let hymns thy breezes fill,
 And flourish, beauteous, great and glorious still.
 Now on thy hills nor flocks nor bulls appear,
 Nor laughing flow'rage crowns the bursting year;
 Nor doth the vine luxuriantly unfold
 Its pouting orbs of vegetable gold;
 For drear and wild thy craggy summits gloar,
 Like blasted ruins on a barren shore.
 But take my son, and heav'n itself shall wend
 Its red right arm thy glory to defend,
 Bright o'er thy hills shall sacred honours bloom,
 And lofty fane and fuming hecatomb
 Shall crown with hallow'd pomp thy palmy isle,
 And myriads throng to hail the sainted soil.

tants of the neighbouring islands sent yearly a company of virgins to celebrate, with dancing, the festival of Apollo and his sister Diana, and to make offerings in the name of their respective cities.

So very sacred was the island of Delos held by the ancients, that no hostilities were practised here, even by the nations that were at war with one another, when they happened to meet in this place. Of this Livy gives an instance. He tells us, that some Roman deputies being obliged to put in at Delos, in their voyage to Syria in Egypt, found the galleys of Perseus king of Macedon, and those of Eumenes king of Pergamus, anchored in the same harbour, though these two princes were then making war upon one another. Hence this island was a general asylum, and the protection extended to all kinds of living creatures, for this reason it abounded with hares, no dogs being suffered to enter it. No dead body was suffered to be buried in it, nor was any woman suffered to lie in there; all dying persons, and women ready to be delivered, were carried over to the neighbouring island of Rhenæa.

Cyclopædia.

She ceased : in rapture Delos²³ thus replies :—
 “Latona, fairest daughter of the skies,
 Joyful I hear thee, nor shall Delos shun
 T’embrace the proffered deity, thy son,
 The king Apollo : what though men defame,
 Tho’ earth conspires to vilify his name;
 If for his sake both Gods and mortals call
 My cliffy isle the loveliest of them all!
 But, Goddess, what I fear shall I conceal,
 Or shall I stifle what I keenly feel?
 ’Tis said that stern and froward he will be,
 Wielding his sceptre o’er the soil and sea,
 Directing mortals with supreme command,
 And shedding blessings o’er his native land.

²³*Delos thus replies.* This animating or conferring the power of speech, on countries or on any object in the mineral kingdom, is no new thing with the poets; and though it appears somewhat *outré*, nevertheless it is not only pardonable, but laudable in Homer, as it forms part of his allegoric apparatus. Ovid makes the *Earth* complain to Jove of the conduct of young Phaëton:

Alma tamen Tellus, ut erat circumdata pontp;
 Inter aquas pelagi, contractos undique fontes,
 Qui se condiderant in opacæ viscera matris;
 Sustulit omniferos collo tenus arida vultus:
 Opposuitque manum fronti: magnoque tremore
 Omnia concutiens paulum subsedit; et infra,
 Quàm solet esse, fuit: siccâque ita voce locuta est:
 Si placet hoc, meruique, quid ô tua fulmina cessant,
 Summe Deûm? liceat perituræ viribus ignis,
 Igne perire tuo; clademque auctore levare.
 Vix equidem fauces hæc ipsa in verba resolvo.
 (Presserat ora vapor.) tostos en adspice crines?
 Inque oculis tantum, tantum super ora favillæ.

Metam. Lib. II. vers. 272.

(Such the dread oath, the awful vow that binds
Thro' all eternity celestial minds)—
Witness ye all that here, and here alone,
The cherished birth-place of my radiant son,
His spacious temple bright as heav'n shall shine,
And clouds of fragrance roll around his shrine."
She said : delight in Delos' bosom glowed,
And the joyed region yearned to see its God.
Nine times the sun illumed the eastern main,
And nine times set upon Latona's pain;
Who all a mother's throes and labours felt,
Though ancillary nymphs around her knelt—
The bright nymph Rhea, Neptune's beauteous bride,
The pensive Goddess of the rolling tide,
Dione,³¹ Themis,³² burning for the chase,

and educated her children with his own. The inviolability of this oath was based upon the superstitious custom of using the waters of the Styx (a rivulet in Arcadia,) in trying the guilty and innocent, much after the manner of the Hebrews in their waters of jealousy. When the Gods swore by Styx, they placed one hand on the earth and the other on the ocean.

Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar thro' hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:
Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred Main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell;
That she, my lov'd-one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithee the divine.—*Iliad*, l. xiv.

³¹ Dione, a nymph, daughter of Nereus and Doris. She was mother of Venus, by Jupiter, according to Homer and others. Hesiod, however, gives Venus a different origin. Venus is herself sometimes called Dione. *Virg.* 3, *Æn.* v. 19.—*Homer.* *Il.* 5, v. 381.—*Stat.* 1, *Syly.* 1, v. 86.

³² Themis, a daughter of Cœlus and Terra, who married

And many a goddess of celestial race.
 But white arm'd Juno, Jove's immortal love,
 Sat in the tent of cloud-compelling Jove,
 And ruled by envy and a jealous soul,
 From bright Lucina's³³ ear concealed the whole ;
 Who sat pavillioned in a golden cloud,
 Secluded from the ministering crowd,
 By Juno stay'd,—she knew Latona's heir,
 Latona, goddess of the golden hair,
 Would wield a splendid, but unsullied rod,
 Great, glorious, good—an amiable God.

Jupiter against her own inclination. She became mother of Dice, Irene, Eunomia, the Parœ and Horæ; and was the first to whom the inhabitants of the earth raised temples. Her oracle was famous in Attica in the age of Deucalion, who consulted it with great solemnity, and was instructed how to repair the loss of mankind. She was generally attended by the Seasons. Among the moderns she is represented as holding a sword in one hand, and a pair of scales in the other. *Ovid. Met.* 1, v. 321.

³³ Lucina, a goddess, daughter of Jupiter and Juno. As her mother brought her into the world without pain, she became the Goddess whom women in labour invoked, and she presided over the birth of children. She receives this name either from *lucus*, or from *lux*, as Ovid explains it :

*Gratia Lucinæ, dedit hæc tibi nomine lucus;
 Aut quia principium tu, Dea, lucis habes.*

Some suppose her to be the same as Diana and Juno, because these two goddesses were also sometimes called Lucina, and presided over the labours of women. She is called Illythia by the Greeks. She had a famous temple at Rome, raised A. U. C. 396. *Lemp.—Varr. de L. L. 4.—Cic. de Nat. D. 2, c. 21.—Ovid. Fast. 2, v. 449.—Horat. Carm. Sec.*

Meanwhile the nymphs bade gaudy Iris³⁴ bring
 The skilled Lucina to th' expected king,
 Tend'ring a necklace, gorgeous to behold,
 Nine cubits long and strung on threads of gold :
 They bade her beck the dext'rous nymph aside,
 Lest Juno should persuade her to abide
 Fast by her throne ; the willing Iris flies,
 Swift as the light wind skims along the skies,
 In rapid majesty she soars above,
 And pausing near th' Olympian doors of Jove,
 Signs to th' obstetric nymph, and cautious waits
 Lucina's presence at the starry gates.
 Then by rich words and presents she persuades
 The nymph to follow to the Delian shades,
 Spite of her rose-crown'd mistress's decrees,
 Jove's radiant lady—and the nymph agrees.

Like timid doves, they left the lucid tow'rs
 And reached on glowing steps the Delian bow'rs.
 Just then th' auspicious hour of labour came,
 And fair Latona, clinging to a palm,
 Bent her soft knee upon the honour'd ground,
 While instant flow'rage richly burst around.
 Apollo soon appeared—the valleys rung,

³⁴ Iris, a daughter of Thaumas and Electra, one of the Oceanides, messenger of the gods, and more particularly of Juno. Her office was to cut the thread which seemed to detain the soul in the body of those that were expiring. She is the same as the rainbow, and, from that circumstance, she is represented with wings with all the variegated and beautiful colours of the rainbow, and appears sitting behind Juno, ready to execute her commands. She is likewise described as supplying the clouds with water to deluge the world. *Lemp.—Hesiod. Theog.* v. 266.—*Ovid. Met.* 1, v. 271 et seq. l. 4, v. 481, l. 10, v. 586.—*Virg. Æn.* 4, v. 694.

And pæans swelled th' ecstatic hills among.
 Then did the nymphs, O Phœbus, chastely lave
 Thy radiant body in the diamond wave,
 In snowy swath thy infant limbs they rolled,
 And bound thee graceful in immortal gold.
 Thy mother held not to thy infant lip
 The blushing nipple for her boy to sip;
 But Thetis fed thee on ambrosial sweets,
 Presented nectar and ethereal meats,
 And she that bore thee thrilled with rapturous joy
 To be the mother of so bright a boy.
 Soon as th' immortal banqueting was done,
 The golden swath dropped from Latona's son,
 His panting bosom burst the orped cords,
 And to the nymphs he spoke prophetic words.
 "Celestials, let the bow to me belong,
 To me the sev'n-stringed" lyre of light and song"³⁵—

³⁵ *The seven-stringed lyre of light.* We are at a loss here to understand why Apollo's lyre should be so often associated by Homer, Hesiod, and Alcæus, with the epithet of "seven-stringed," unless indeed they allude to the prismatic analysis of a pencil of light into seven rays—a circumstance with which Homer, if he possessed all the philosophical knowledge of the Egyptians, was not unacquainted, and one which in an allegorical point of view appears exquisitely beautiful. The invention of this lyre is differently stated by mythological Scholiasts. Apollodorus says that "the Nile after having overflowed the whole country of Egypt, when it returned within its bed, left on the shore a number of dead animals,

³⁶ Music and Song are metaphorically used in Greek and Hebrew for regular and harmonious motions; hence we find in Plato and many others the phrases, "*music of the spheres, music of nature,*" &c.; and in David, "*the singing of the stars.*"

Be 't mine the choir of harmony to love,
And show to men the wise designs of Jove."

and among the rest a tortoise, the muscles of which being dried and wasted by the sun, nothing was left within the shell, but parched flesh and cartilage, and these being contracted and braced by desiccation, were rendered sonorous. Mercury, in walking along the banks of the Nile, happening to strike his foot against the shell of this tortoise, was so pleased with the sound it emitted, that it suggested to him the first idea of a lyre, which he afterwards constructed in the form of a tortoise, and strung with the dried entrails of dead animals."

This tale of Apollodorus is undoubtedly a perverted copy of that told in a hymn to Mercury, which was by some ascribed to Homer, but the style of the production renders this notion very gratuitous. The following is the passage we refer to:

Ὅς κ' ἐπειδὴ μηρὸς ἅπ' Ἀθανάτων Δάρεγγ' ἔχων.
Οὐκέτι δ' ἔπειτα μένιν ἐρῶ ἐνὶ λιλύῳ,
Ἀλλ' ὄγ' ἀναίξας ζήτει βόας Ἀπόλλωνος,
Οὐδὲν ὑπερβαίνειν ὑψηλὸν ἄντροιο,
Ἐνθα χέλυι εὐρὼν, ἐκλήσατο κυρίον ὄλβον.
Ερμῆς τοι πρῶτισκε χέλυι τεκλῆνατ' αἰοῖδον,
Ἡρά οἱ ἀντεβόλησεν ἐπ' αὐλείῃσι θύρῃσι,
Βασκομένην προπαροῖδε δόμων ἐριθελία ποῖν,
Σαῦλα ποσὶν βαίνουσα: Διὸς δ' ἐριοντίος υἱὸς
Ἀδρήσας ἐγέλασσε, κ' αὐτίκα μῦθον ἔειπε.
Σύμβολοι ἤδη μοι μέγ' ὀνήτιμόν εἰς ὀνοτάζω.
Καῖρε φυὴν ἐρόεσσα, χοροῖτόπτε, δαιτὶς ἱταίρη,
Ἀσπασίῃ προφανείσα: πόθεν τόδε καλὸν ἄδυσμα,
Αἰόλον Ὀσσεῶν ἐσσι χέλυς ὄρεσι ζώουσα,
Ἀλλ' οἶσ' σ' εἰς δῶμα λαβών· ὄφελός τί μοι ἔσση,
Οὐδ' ἀποτιμήσω· σὺ δέ με πρῶτιστοι ὀνήσεις.
Οἴκοι βέλτερον εἶναι· ἐπεὶ βλαβερόν τ' ὀρύρηφι.
Ἡ γὰρ ἐπηλυσιγὲς πολυπήμονος ἔσσαι αἰχμῇ
Ζῶουσ'· ἦν δὲ θάνης, τότε ἂν μάλα καλὸν αἰδοίς.
Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη, κ' χερσὶν ἅμ' ἀμφοτέρητ' ἀείρας,
Ἀψ' εἶσω κίε δῶμα φέρων ἱερατειὸν ἄδυσμα.
Ἐνθ' ἀναπηλῆσας γλυφάνῳ πολιοῖο σιδήρεϊ
Αἰῶν' ἐξετόρησεν ὀρεσκάοιο χελώνης.
Ὡς δ' ὅπ' ἄν' ἰόντα διὰ τέροιο περῆσαι
Ἀνέρος, ὅντι θαμινὰ ἐπιστροφῶσι μέγιστα,

He said, and swift his radiant course he bends,
 And from the hill the beardless God descends.
 In mute delight the nymphs behold him glow,
 Armed with his arrows in the vale below.
 With grove and bow'r the Delian summits smile,
 And show'rs of gold fall gorgeous on the isle,

Αὐτὸς δὲ διηδῶσιν ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἀμαρτυραί-
 Ως ἄμ' ἵπος τέχ' ἔργον ἰμὶ δῖτο κούριος Ερμῆς·
 Πῆξε δ' ἄρ' ἐν μέτροισι ταμὼν δόισι καλὰ μοιο,
 Πιερίης διὰ ῥῶτα διὰ ῥινόιο χιλάνης.
 Ἀμφὶ δὲ δέρμα τάυσσιν βοὸς κραπίδισσιν ἱῆσι,
 Καὶ πύχαις ἐνέθηκ', ἐπὶ δὲ ζυγὸν ἔραρει Ἀμφοῖν·
 Ἐπὶ δὲ συμφώνως οἶον ἱτανύσσατο χορδὰς·
 Λύτ' ἀρ' ἱπιδὴ τῷδε, φέρων ἱερῶν ἀδυρμα,
 Πλάκτρ' ἐπειρήτιζι κατὰ μέρος ἢ δ' ὑπὸ χερσὶ
 Σμερδαλίον κοινάβησι.

Ἵμνος εἰς Ερμην.

Instead of discovering a dead tortoise on the banks of the Nile, the unknown author of the Hymn relates that Mercury found a living one on a mountain. We translate the latter part.

* * * * *

Raising both his hands, the boy
 Entered the cavern with his lovely toy,
 Where cutting with a steel and glitt'ring knife,
 He robbed the mountain tortoise of its life.
 As when a wond'rous thought through mortals darts,
 Flames in their eyes and sparkles in their hearts,
 So sudden through him flashed a thought of fire,
 He formed the bright idea of a lyre.
 With spliced reeds he pierced the back around,
 And in an ox's hide the tortoise bound,
 Seven tuneful chords of sheep gut, tersely placed
 At proper distance, to the pegs he braced—
 When thus the task was done, he struck the chord,
 And joyed to hear the tones the trembler poured—
 Rich were the sounds that flowed the strings along,
 But richer still th' extemporaneous song.

That isle rejoicing to behold its love,
Latona's son, the beaming boy of Jove ;
Who far preferred the island of his birth
To all the sunny isles and realms of earth,
And bade its magic landscape flourish still,
Rich as a hallow'd grove upon a flow'r-fringed hill.
Betimes the bender of the beamy bow
Deigned on the Cynthian cliff his form to show ;
Betimes he visited each ocean isle,
To view his sacred groves and temples smile ;
Betimes he visited each favoured cave,
The mountain summit and the flashing wave ;
But none appeared so charming to his sight,
Oh cherished Delos, as thy isle of light.
'There Jaons³⁷ clad in flowing garments meet ;
With sons and wives, thy glowing form to greet ;
Thee with the dance and chorus they delight,
And please thee glorying in th' athletic fight.
Then might a mortal deem thee peerless, then
Viewing thy loose-zoned maids and sinewy men,
The wealth that glittered on each sunny steep,
And bright barks booming o'er the billowy deep,
With the chaste Virgins, vestals of thine own,
That wake the anthem to Latona's son.

Soon as Apollo's votive song is done,
They praise the mother of that beauteous son,
And Dian too, who joys the wolf to start,
Pursue the deer, and wing the whizzing dart ;
Oft to their lutes the mellow'd tale is told,
Of lovely women and the men of old :

³⁷ We are at a loss to understand who these Jaons were. It is not improbable that they were the *Iavvoi*, magi, who celebrated the achievements of Apollo in Delos.

While all that list the numbers as they flow,
 E'en savage breasts, with heavenly raptures glow ;
 Each sound and tone that human lips create
 These sacred vestals sweetly imitate.

Oh Dian, Phœbus, fair Latona, all
 Ye radiant powers that crowd the heavenly hall,
 Remember me whose song attempts your praise,
 And give to future times my honoured lays :
 And when a weary traveller demands,
 Who sings the sweetest on the Delian strands?
 Who strikes the most melodious lyre that rings
 At festal hour when minstrels touch the strings?
 Give ye this answer pleasing to my breast,
 The old blind³⁸ man of Chios sings the best :

³⁸ This passage is worthy of observation. The blindness of Homer, his being a Chian, his insatiable thirst for immortality and his prophetic orison, are all remarkable points. The catastrophe of his blindness, as we have before observed, did not occur till after the poetical pilgrimage to Egypt. "It has always seemed strange to me," says Pippius Florentinus, "that the blind men of Greece saw better than all the rest of Greece put together." Nor does the witty observation of Pippius suffer in the least from the most scrupulous canvass, though he might have employed his faculty of causation more philosophically, had he given us any thing else to illustrate his remark, but a "treatise on the *modus operandi* of candle or lamp light, on the eyes of poets, &c." *Pont. Lib. 2.* In spite of Quintilian's statement, "*amittitur cum oculis cogitationum omnium lumen*," we find that the most illustrious bards of antiquity, not to mention the greatest of the moderns, were blind, as Homer, Orpheus, Daphnis, and the famous Tyreas of Thebes.

The succeeding lines, were not the sentiments modestly couched in a prayer, might be taken for the most boundless egotism. The poet does not merely state that his name and

With him compared all other lights are dim,
 None have surpassed and none shall equal him—
 Our songs of praise eternal praise shall crown,
 In every clime, and every crowded town ;
 Then will each realm believe the wayworn youth,
 For what ye say, Celestials, must be truth.
 Nor yet, Apollo, is the anthem done,
 Again I sing of proud Latona's son,
 The prince whose diadem with glory fills
 The Lycian valleys and Mæonian hills,
 The rich tow'rs girded by Miletus' wall,
 And Delos, lovely Delos, most of all.
 Graced with the mellow lute serenely bright,
 Latona's boy, with Python didst thou fight :
 Thy flowing garments halo'd thee with rays,
 Immortal odours mingled in the blaze,
 And mingling with them all, rich music's soul
 Enchanted round thy fragrant glory stole.
 From earth to proud Olympus didst thou fly
 To charm the starry castles of the sky,
 And raptured with the sound, the heavenly throng
 Gave all their hearts to harmony and song.

works will be ever held in estimation, but that he will never have a rival. Ovid is comparatively more modest:—

Jamque opus exegi: quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
 Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas,
 Cum volet illa dies, quæ nil nisi corporis hujus
 Jus habet; incerti spatium mihi finiat ævi :
 Parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis
 Astra ferar: nomenque erit indelebile nostrum.
 Quaque patet domitis Romana potentia terris;
 Ore legar populi, perque omnia sæcula fama;
 Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia, vivam.

Rich from their lutes did mellow anthems flow,
 Of heavenly gifts they sung, and men below,
 Of all the cares and troubles that oppressed,
 Sent from the Gods, each sublunary breast;
 Of man, imbecile man, whose reckless mind
 Would vainly seek a remedy to find
 'Gainst age's ills, to fix the hov'ring breath,
 And shield his form immortally from death.

The bright haired Graces³⁹ and the sapient Hours,
 Venus and Hebe⁴⁰ and th' Harmonic pow'rs,

³⁹ This passage is nothing more than a delineation of the order observable in the heavens.

⁴⁰ Hebe conveys the idea of immortal youth, and is here introduced by Homer to indicate, that while every thing else has its phases, the heavens appear still fresh.

She was a daughter of Jupiter and Juno. According to some she was the daughter of Juno only, who conceived her after eating lettuce. As she was fair, and always in the bloom of youth, she was called the goddess of youth, and made by her mother cup-bearer to all the gods. She was dismissed from her office by Jupiter, because she fell down in an indecent posture as she was pouring nectar to the gods at a grand festival, and Ganymede the favorite of Jupiter, succeeded her as cup-bearer. She was employed by her mother to prepare her chariot, and to harness her peacocks whenever requisite. When Hercules was raised to the rank of a god, he was reconciled to Juno by marrying her daughter Hebe, by whom he had two sons, Alexiades, and Ancietus. As Hebe had the power of restoring gods and men to the vigour of youth, she, at the instance of her husband, performed that kind office to Iolas his friend. Hebe was worshipped at Sicyon, under the name of *Dia*, and at Rome under the name of *Juventas*. She is represented as a young virgin crowned with flowers, and arrayed in a variegated garment. *Lemp.—Paus.* 1, c. 19, l. 2, c. 12.—*Ovid. Met.* 9, v. 400. *Fast.* 6, v. 76.—*Apollod.* 1, c. 3, l. 2, c. 7.

Joined in a mirthful measure as they sung,
 And with their feet the starry pavements rung :
 And she the nymph of every mellowed charm,
 Whose beauty neither age nor ills disarm,
 She with Apollo bred, who wields the lance,
 The chaste Diana⁴¹ mingled in the dance.
 Mars in his flashing armour clad, appeared,
 And through the dance with Argicida⁴² veered.
 But proudly eminent Apollo stood,
 Sublime and beautiful he poured a flood
 Of rich small harmonies, and from his lyre
 Fell sounds celestial, and celestial fire.
 His lovely form a golden glory dress'd
 And rich in radiance beam'd his flashing vest.
 Then did imperial Jove with rapture glow
 And she whose locks in golden splendor flow,
 The sweet Latona felt a thrill of joy
 While gazing on her dear immortal boy.
 How shall I paint thee, beauteous child of Jove,
 Whether in bridal ears infusing love,
 Or sadly seeking to unfold the charms
 Of young Azantis⁴³ in thy radiant arms.

* * * * *

⁴¹ Diana, Mars, and the rest mentioned are introduced as illustrative of the fine order of our solar system. The *dance* refers to the revolutions of the planets around the sun. From the manner in which Homer depicts this dance around Apollo, it is not improbable that he was acquainted with the Galilean system of the universe ; for he makes the sun (Apollo) stand still, while the other planets (gods) revolve (dance) around him.

⁴² Argicida. This refers either to a heavenly body or constellation.

⁴³ Azantis. This nymph is not mentioned by any of the poets, nor referred to in any system of mythology.

First from Olympus to the jutting shore
 Of sandy Lecton,⁴⁴ Phœbus, didst thou soar
 Through rough Magnesia⁴⁵ and Perrhæbia's⁴⁶ bow'rs,
 To where Iolchos rears its snowy tow'rs :
 Thence in Eubœa's vessels didst thou ride
 To blest Cenæum, slumb'ring on the tide :
 And pausing at Lelantus, deemed unfit
 For solemn grove or hallowed minarit,
 To Eripus thou fledst, where hills serene
 Slope to the stars with crowns of fadeless green:
 Thence, young Apollo, didst thou bend thy flight,

⁴⁴ Lecton, a promontory, now cape Baba, separating Troas from Æolia. *Liv.* 37, c. 37.

⁴⁵ Magnesia, a town of Asia Minor on the Mæander, about fifteen miles from Ephesus, now called *Guzelhizar*. It is celebrated for the death of Themistocles, and for a battle which was fought there 187 years before the Christian era, between the Romans and Antiochus King of Syria. The forces of Antiochus amounted to 70,000 men, according to Appian, or 70,000 foot and 12,000 horse, according to Livy; which have been exaggerated by Florus to 300,000 men; the Roman army consisted of about 28,000 or 30,000 men, 2000 of which were employed in guarding the camp. The Syrians lost 50,000 foot and 4000 horse, and the Romans only 300 killed with 25 horse. It was founded by a colony from Magnesia in Thessaly, and was commonly called *Magnesia ad Mæandrum*, to distinguish it from another called *Magnesia ad Sipylum*, in Lydia, at the foot of mount Sipylus. This last was destroyed by an earthquake in the reign of Tiberius.

⁴⁶ Perrhæbia, part of Thessaly situated on the borders of the Peneus, extending between the town of Atrax and the vale of Tempe. The inhabitants were driven from their possessions by the Lapithæ, and retired into Ætolia, where part of the country received the name of *Perrhæbia*. *Lemp.—ProPERT.* 2, el. 5, v. 33.—*Strab.* 9.—*Liv.* 33, c. 34, l. 39, c. 34.

To Mycale⁴⁷ and Tumessus bright,
 Thence to the wood-clad and umbrageous glebes,
 Thou wing'dst thy flight, to memorable Thebes.
 But Thebes was then a solitary place,
 Unknown, unpeopled by the human race;
 Nor trodden path appeared, nor stately street,
 Naught but a wild of woods and plenteous wheat.
 Thence fled Apollo to the sacred plain
 On which Onchestus rears the sea-god's fane:
 Where the tamed steed though laden, brisk respires,
 And proudly drags the car of gemmy fires;
 Sublime he goes, although no driver urge,
 Nor charioteer apply the golden scourge.
 But further still the god Apollo went,
 To gay Cephissus⁴⁸ clime his course he bent,
 And viewed the fair Lilæa⁴⁹ richly pour
 Its diamond waves through many a bloomy shore.
 Amartus and Ocatia's tow'rs he passed,
 And rich Delphusa joy'd his sight at last.
 This sunny soil, bethought the god, I love,
 Here let my temple rise and sacred grove:—
 Delight and pleasure in his bosom woke,

⁴⁷ Mycale⁴⁷, an inland town of Bœotia, where Ceres had a temple. *Paus.* 9, c. 19.

⁴⁸ Cephissus, a celebrated river of Greece, that rises at Lilæa in Phocis, and after passing at the north of Delphi and mount Parnassus, enters Bœotia, where it flows into the lake Copais. The Graces were particularly fond of this river, whence they are called the goddesses of the Cephissus. *Lemp.—Strab.* 9. —*Plin.* 4, c. 7.—*Paus.* 9, c. 24.—*Homer. Il.* 2, v. 29.—*Lucan.* 3, v. 175.—*Ovid. Met.* 1, v. 369, l. 3, v. 19.

⁴⁹ Lilæa is situated near the fountains of Cephissus, as appears from a line of the *Iliad* :

Οἱ τε Λίλαιαι ἔχον πηγῆς ἐπὶ Κηφισσοῖο.

When bending to Delphusa thus he spoke:
"Delphusa, know that 'tis our great intent
To rear on thee our sacred tenement,
On thee all men our oracles shall prize,
And fuming sweets from hecatombs arise;
On thee inquiring throngs shall suppliant land,
From Europe's clime and rich Pelasgia's strand.
To all from thy rich temples shall be giv'n
Stern oracles, whose truth is sealed in heaven."
—He said, and straight began to rear the fane
Long, broad, and ample, on Delphusa's plain:
Who viewed with anger the proposed abode,
And fearful, thus addressed the radiant god—
"Oh Phœbus—what I speak, attend and hear,
Here dost thou deign thy holy dome to rear,
Here dost thou deign to let thy anthems rise,
And bid whole hecatombs perfume the skies:
But should'st thou dwell on my unhallowed mead,
The din of chariot and the noisy steed,
And mules from sacred streams would all conspire
To vex thy ear and touch thy soul with ire.
Besides, more pleasing to the eye by far
The fruits of commerce and th' ingenious car,
Th' industrious charger full of life and health,
Than useless shrines of pageantry and wealth.
But if to me thou yield (though in degree
Of mind and form thou far surpassest me),
If to my feebler counsel thou attend,
To sacred Crissa, near Parnassus, bend.
There shall no steeds impede the rite divine,
Nor noisy chariots rattle round thy shrine;
But Iopæans shall assemble there,
A glorious race shall kindle song and pray'r,

And there, while bliss thy feelings softly lifts,
Shalt thou receive a pious people's gifts."

She finished—Phœbus listened to the course;
He heard her reasons and he felt their force,
Felt that beneath Delphusa's busy skies
His fame and glory never should arise:
To Phlegyan shores he bent his pinion then,
A wretched town of contumelious men,
Who sacrilegious stain their beautiful clime,
Despise the Gods, and nurture ev'ry crime;
Thence, with the haste of lightning, he pursued
His rapid course to where his Crissa stood,
Beneath Parnassian peaks, whose garbs of snow,
To zephyr turned, with sacred lustre glow.
High o'er the top a beetling rock is spread,
Beneath whose covert lies the cavern's bed:
This spot for Phœbus' pillar'd fame was stored,
He saw and loved it, and thus spoke the word:—

"Here I decree my temple should aspire,
Here will I breathe the sacred words of fire;
All mortals here our oracles shall prize,
And fuming sweets from hecatombs arise."

* * * * *

He said, and with his radiant fingers laid
The corner stone in favoured Crissa's shade;
Spacious and long the great foundation stood,
While Agamedes^{so} of Erginus' blood,

^{so} Agamedes and Trophonius were architects who erected the portico of the Delphic temple, for which they demanded of Apollo whatever gift was most valuable for man to receive. Eight days afterwards, they were seized with death.

With his lithe brother, young Trophonius, both
 Friends to the Gods, to virtue, and to truth,
 A marble threshold exquisitely graced
 Beneath the glowing portal artful placed.
 Around the temple thus superbly deck'd
 Wrought many a sculptor, many an architect;
 And near it flowed, with silver lapse, the rill
 Of warbling waves adown the beauteous hill,
 Where with his shining shaft Apollo slew
 That ugly dragon,⁵¹ hideous to the view,
 Which grew, long nourished in its slimy den,
 A monster horrible, the dread of men;
 A crook-foot monster that was wont to steep
 His gory tooth in men and harmless sheep.⁵²

⁵¹ "*That ugly dragon.*" This is Typhon, a monster represented as the most frightful ever created. He had a hundred heads, and from his hundred flame-devouring mouths issued vapours so pestilential and virulent, that he equally terrified Gods, men, and beasts. To waive the allegory, Typhon appears simply to be *miasma*, or that septic state of the atmosphere which produces fever, and which is generated by a principle (Juno) ever inimical to order. Whether the name of the monster is derived from the disease *typhus*, or the fever from that of the monster, is of little moment; but certain it is, that Typhon is intended to represent the cause of the malady and the disease itself: both of which were dissipated by the sun (Apollo). In the sequel it will be found, that Typhon and Python are the same being—a circumstance unknown to mythologists, who in their very absurd attempts to render these monsters more terrific, have stripped the allegory of its justness and point, by conferring on them new attributes, incompatible with the object they were intended to represent. Others, as nugatorily, endeavour to identify Typhon with some Hebrew or Egyptian tyrant.

⁵² Thucydides, in his interesting account of the plague in

The white-arm'd Juno, wroth and jealous grown,
 Juno, that blooms upon a golden throne,
 Bade from the earth destructive Typhon rise,
 The curse of man, the terror of the skies;
 Enraged that he who all the thunders hurled
 Should give illustrious Pallas to the world.
 When the high Gods assembled, Juno broke
 The solemn silence, and thus jealous spoke:—

“ Oh hearken, ye celestial hosts above,
 Insulted by the cloud-compelling Jove,
 To you I make appeal—you know your queen,
 Jove's wedded wife, has ever blameless been,
 Yet he, contemptuous of my royal bed,
 Begot the grey-eyed Pallas: her, 'tis said,
 Admiring Gods behold with joy and pride;
 While he, the son of Jove's illustrious bride,
 Vulcan, (a form from ev'ry grace exempt,)
 Or genders laughter, or inspires contempt.
 This son of mine, the truant thunderer hurled⁵³
 From heaven's high walls against a craggy world;
 But him the silver-footed Thetis bore,
 Daughter of Nereus, to her own bright shore;
 Him the gay nymphs, her sparkling sisters, led,
 Screen'd from Jove's anger, to a coral bed.

Athens, mentions that inferior animals were alike afflicted; and Lucretius gives a very pathetic picture of a dog dying with this distemper at his master's feet.

⁵³ Vulcan (*Art*) was thrown down from heaven for disobeying the orders of Jupiter (*Nature*). When Vulcan married Venus (*when art became subservient to effeminacy*), Mars disgraced him by debauching his wife—(*Art became an easy prey to war.*) Every part of the allegorical life of Vulcan can be, with some reflection, as easily developed as the foregoing tale.

Cruel—was not enough already done?
 Was't not appeas'd t' insult my darling son?
 No, wretch, my bed itself must feel thy scorn,
 And an illustrious bastard must be born.
 Was I her mother? No—Yet am I known
 Here by the title of thy wife alone.
 Yet, proud and mighty thunderer as thou art,
 I'll plot a scheme will gall thy haughty heart.
 I too shall have a son; yet shall not shame,
 Tho' well deserv'd, point, scoffing at thy name:
 I too shall have a great and gallant son,
 Among the brightest Gods the brightest one,
 Yet to no couch shall Juno's form be led,
 No stain shall sully Jove's empyrean bed,
 O'er the bright deed shall hover no disgrace,
 But far I'll fly from God's and man's embrace."

She said, and angry from the heavens she flies,
 Nor rests till earth salutes her rolling eyes,
 Then quick addresses to the regions there,
 With elevated hands, her ardent pray'r:—

"Hear me, O earth and heav'n, and ye that dwell,
 Titanic Gods, among the caves of hell,
 Parents of men and Gods propitious be,
 And give a son, a beauteous son, to me
 Without the aid of Jove—to him be giv'n
 The richest virtues in the halls of heav'n,
 In ev'ry precious talent let him prove
 More bright in heav'n, than is to Saturn Jove."

She spoke, and with her hand she struck the earth,
 Which inly groaned as if a God had birth.
 Rejoiced she viewed, and deemed the deed was done;
 Nor to the couch of Saturn's royal son,
 Nor to the throne she went as erst; she sat
 Consulting wisdom and disposing fate,

Till with the months revolving time was crown'd
And the full year had run its stated round.

She dwelt in glittering fanes beneath the sun,
Receiving sacrifice and orison,
Till ripe the hours pursued the fleeting year,
The period for her infant to appear :
And Typhon came, unlike the forms that dwell
On earth, in heav'n, or in the depths of hell,
A monster dangerous, of savage force,
Of Gods the terror, and of men the curse.
But Juno, beauteous in her glorious eyes,
Adopts the shape unhallowed of the skies—
The dreadful shape that haunts each house and pen,
And slakes its thirst upon the tears of men.

Few could avoid the monster that came near,
And such as shunned it lay half dead with fear ;
Till he that wings the golden arrow hurled
The baneful terror from a grateful world.
Maimed and fast breathing on the earth 't was riven,
Its dreadful howlings shook the clouds of heav'n,
Trembling with rage, in anguish did it roll :
He who had scathed it, left it but the soul.

“ Here, cried Apollo, here thou wert begot ;
Here, monster, shalt thou live, and writhe, and rot.
Live, odious fiend, deprived of power to ken
The asp of conscience and the sneer of men ;
No death shall bring to thee its balm divine,
But rottenness and wasting shall be thine.
And here where erst, foul tenant of the den,
Thy jaws were gory with the blood of men,
Shall purple clouds from hecatombs arise
And urns of hallow'd sweets embalm the skies ;
Hyperion's self that breathes on ev'ry spot
Life, light, and flowers, shall bid thy carcase rot.”

He finish'd, darkness sealed the monster's eyes,
And rottenness descended from the skies.

Hence Python⁵⁴ is he called, and hence the name
Of Pythius⁵⁵ is linked with Phœbus' fame,
Because he doomed Hyperion to shed
Foul rottenness around the dragon's head:

* * * * *

Revolving in his bosom to create
The priests of Python, as Apollo sat,
High bounding on the marble seas he view'd,
Upon that bright cerulean solitude,
A rapid ship with virtuous Cretans crown'd,
A ship from Cnossus' port to Mino bound.
Numerous and pious were the crew, and those
To offer incense at his shrine he chose,
To preach the oracles and sacred word,
Breathed by the God that wields the golden sword,

⁵⁴ This monster is also described by Ovid, in attempting to account for the origin of the *Pythian games*:—

“————te quoque, maxime Python,
Tum genuit: populisque novis, incognita serpens,
Terror eras, tantum spatii de monte tenebas.
Hanc Deus arcitenens, et nunquam talibus armis
Ante, nisi in damis capreisque fugacibus, usus,
Mille gravem telis, exhausta pene pharetra,
Perdidit, effuso per vulnera nigra veneno.
Neve operis famam possit delere vetustas;
Instituit sacros celebri certamine ludos,
Pythia, de domitæ serpentis nomine dictos.”

⁵⁵ Mr. Rollin commits an error, when, speaking of the Delphic oracle, he says: “Apollo was worshipped there under the name of Pythian, from *πυθεσθαι* (to consult), because people resorted thither to consult him.” The word is evidently derived from *πυθω*, to be rotten or fetid. The passage omitted below it, bears every appearance of being an interpolation.

When from Parnassian laurels that arise
 In hallow'd vales, he utters prophecies.
 For commerce, traffic, gems, and gold, they bent
 Their course along the crystal element
 To sandy Pylos—Phœbus saw them sweep,
 And flew to meet them on the billowy deep;
 Into the seas he plunged, amid the storm,
 And putting on a dolphin's scaly form,
 Poured in each bosom gloom and terrors dark,
 As with his monstrous tail he slapped the groaning bark.

Silent on deck the trembling crew appeared,
 Nor touched a rope, but all neglectful steered,
 Nor loosed a sail, but standing to their oars,
 While all its blasts the urgent south wind pours,
 They scudded on till, fair Malea⁵⁶ passed,
 The walls of Lacon⁵⁷ met their view at last;
 Thence to rich Tænarus,⁵⁸ whose ev'ry steep,
 And every vale, is crowned with fleecy sheep.

⁵⁶ Malea, a promontory of Peloponnesus, at the south of Laconia. The sea is so rough and boisterous there, that the dangers which attended a voyage round it gave rise to the proverb of *Cum ad Maleam deflexeris obliviscere quæ sunt domi.* Strab. 8.

⁵⁷ Lacon, a country on the southern parts of Peloponnesus, having Argos and Arcadia on the north, Messenia on the west, the Mediterranean on the south, and the bay of Argos at the east. Its extent from north to south was about 50 miles. It is watered by the river Eurotas. The capital is called Sparta, Lacedæmon. The inhabitants never went on an expedition, or engaged an enemy, but at the full moon. Lemp.

⁵⁸ Tænarus, a promontory of Laconia, the most southern point of Europe, where Neptune had a temple. There was there a large and deep cavern, whence issued a black and unwholesome vapour, from which circumstance the poets have imagined that it was one of the entrances to hell, through

The crew desired to drop their anchors here,
 To tell the cause of marvel and of fear,
 To paint for wond'ring eyes the monster dark,
 Whose huge form lay beneath the frightened bark ;
 But all in vain, the rudder disobeys,
 And the blast wafts them to Pelasgia's ways,
 For he that leads them turns the gale behind,
 And royally he wields the heaving wind.

Arene⁵⁹ and Argyphea they passed,
 And Thayos proud with stately turrets graced,
 Pylos⁶⁰ and Calcides, and Crunius fair,
 And Dymen⁶¹ basking in its balmy air,
 Helida's rich and plenty-teeming land
 Where glorious Epeians hold command.

which Hercules dragged Cerberus from the infernal regions. This fabulous tradition arises, according to Pausanias, from the continual resort of a large serpent near the cavern of Tænarus, whose bite was mortal. This serpent, as the geographer observes, was at last killed by Hercules, and carried to Eurystheus. The town of Tænarus was at the distance of about 40 stadia from the promontory, and was famous for marble of a beautiful green colour. The town, as well as the promontory, received its name from Tænarus, a son of Neptune.—*Lemp.*

⁵⁹ Arena, and Arene, a city of Messenia, in Peloponnesus. *Homer. Il. 2.*

⁶⁰ Pylos, now Navarino, a town of Messenia, situate on the western coast of the Peloponnesus, opposite the island of Sphacteria in the Ionian sea. It was also called Coryphasion, from the promontory on which it was erected. It was built by Pylos, at the head of a colony from Megara. The founder was dispossessed of it by Neleus, and fled to Elis, where he dwelt in a small town called Pylos ; or perhaps, a town of Elis at the mouth of the river Alpheus, between the Peneus and Selleis.

⁶¹ Dymen, a town of Achaia.

Among the clouds of Ithaca high reared,
 Sublime and huge the sunny hill appeared ;
 Dulichium,⁶² Samos, and Zacynthus⁶³ too,
 Lay richly painted on the liquid blue.
 When all Pelasgia faded on the sight,
 They gazed on Crissa's harbour with delight,
 While swimming zephyrs soft through ether flow,
 And fill voluptuously the sails below ;
 Swift did the bark through foaming billows run,
 While Jove's illustrious offspring led it on.

Tranquil at last, and safe in port they ride,
 Where beauteous Crissa crowns the rolling tide ;
 Then rising from the ship the God put on
 A glory brighter than the noonday sun ;
 His figure beamed with living lustre warm,
 And show'rs of sparks fell dazzling from his form.
 Crissa lay basking in the lambent blaze,
 And the whole heav'n's reflected back the rays,
 While he on steps of fire sublimely moved
 To the rich tripods in the fane he loved,
 Displaying proudly, as in pow'r he trod,
 The seals of fate, the signals of a God.

⁶² Dulichium, an island of the Ionian sea, opposite the Achelous, and a part of the dominion of Ulysses.

⁶³ Zacynthus, a native of Bœotia, who accompanied Hercules when he went into Spain to destroy Geryon. At the end of the expedition he was entrusted with the care of Geryon's flocks, by the hero, and ordered to conduct them to Thebes. As he went on his journey he was bit by a serpent, and some time after died. His companions carried his body away, and buried it in an island of the Ionian sea, which from that time was called Zacynthus. The island of Zacynthus, now called Zante, is situate at the south of Cephalenia, and at the west of the Peloponnesus.

Then rang the shores with maids and matrons' cries,
They loved, yet feared, the offspring of the skies,
Who straight appeared, and bounding o'er the flood,
Upon the glowing deck in radiance stood.
In form he seemed most beautifully fair,
With golden curls of fine ambrosial hair;
Of age mature, a valorous young man,
Who thus with words of eloquence began :—

“O guests, whence come ye, wherefore do ye stray,
Scud ye for wealth along the watery way?
By piracy or commerce are ye led,
Or heap ye woes upon the stranger's head?
Speak mariners—why not descend to land
To feed your people and refresh your band?
As every ship that ent'ring into port
Bids its tired seamen to the land resort,
To eat and drink, and feel the wholesome breeze
That comes so welcome after stormy seas.”

He ceased—the Cretan captain thus replied :—
“Oh guest, to Gods and not to men allied,
In form and genius, oh! supremely blest,
In every part a Godhead stands confess'd :
Relate what age, what people, and what earth,
Illustrious being, brought thy glories forth.
By adverse tempests from its fated haven,
Cretans to Pylos bound, our bark was driv'n :
Cretans we are, that glory in the name,
Reluctant here our struggling vessel came
Seeking for other climes its course to steer.
But tell, bright stranger, who hath led us here.”

To these Apollo : “Honour'd guests, that love
Thro' the thick groves on Cnossus' plains to rove,
To Cnossus' groves shall you return no more,
Nor view your native town, your beauteous shore ;

To wives and children bid a last farewell,
For in my temple, Cretans, shall ye dwell.
I am Apollo, he that beams above,
The dazzling son of cloud-compelling Jove ;
'T was I, your friend, that bade the tempest sweep
Your ocean car along the boist'rous deep,
That to my praise your being you should give,
And in my honoured temples ever live ;
The counsels of the Gods your breasts shall fill,
And on your lips shall dwell their hallowed will.
But haste, dispatch, and let your task be o'er,
Unbind the cables, drag the keel ashore,
Take from the ship your oars and sails to land,
And rear my altar on the blessed strand :
From censers let the sacred flame aspire,
And consecrated flour o'erspread the fire ;
Standing around the fuming altar, pray,
And as you view'd me in the rolling spray
In Dolphin's shape,⁶⁴ so round my altar press,
And to that form your fervent pray'r address.

⁶⁴ It is from this legend, that Apollo has been called Delphicus, and not as some have urged from Delphi, a city which these same Cretans built in commemoration of the miracle. Delphi had the appearance rather of an enchanted city, of an elysium, than any thing on earth. It was the residence of the famous Pythian oracle.

The oracles were delivered by a priestess called Pythia, who received the prophetic influence in the following manner; A lofty tripod, decked with laurel, was placed over the aperture, whence the sacred vapour issued. The priestess, after washing her body, and especially her hair, in the cold water of Castalia, mounted on it, to receive the divine effluvium. She wore a crown of laurel, and shook a sacred tree, which grew by. Sometimes she chewed the leaves; and the frenzy which followed may, with probability, be attributed to this usage,

Soon as the rites are done, let ev'ry lip
Taste of the cup and revel in the ship,

and the gentler or more violent symptoms to the quantity taken. In one instance the paroxysm was so terrible, that the priests and suppliants ran away, and left her alone to expire, it was believed of the God. Her part was unpleasant; but, if she declined acting, they dragged her by force to the tripod. The habit of her order was that of virgins. The rules enjoined temperance and chastity, and prohibited luxury in apparel. The season of inquiry was in the spring, during the month called Busius; after which Apollo was supposed to visit the altars of the Hyperboreans.

The city of Delphi arose in the form of a theatre, upon the declivity of Parnassus, whose fantastic tops over-shadowed it, like a canopy, on the north, while two immense rocks rendered it inaccessible on the east and west, and the rugged and shapeless mount Cirphis defended it on the south. The foot of the last-named mountain was washed by the rapid Plistus, which discharged itself into the sea at the distance of only a few leagues from the sacred city. This inaccessible and romantic situation, from which the place derived the name of Delphi (signifying, as explained in the glossaries, *solitary, alone*), was rendered still more striking, by the innumerable echoes which multiplied every sound, and increased the ignorant veneration of visitants for the God of the oracle. The artful ministers of Apollo gradually collected such objects in the groves and temple, as were fitted to astonish the senses of the admiring multitude. The splendor of marble, the magic of painting, the invaluable statues of gold and silver, represented (to use the language of antiquity) not the resemblance of any earthly habitation, but rather expressed the image of Olympus, adorned and enlightened by the actual presence of the Gods.

The protection and superintendence of this precious depository of riches and superstition belonged to the Amphictyons, as already noticed. But the inhabitants of Delphi, who, if we may use the expression, were the original proprietors of the

Then to the gracious Gods that reign above
Pour out libations to the son of Jove.
The banquet finished, hie to me, the king,
And let the coast with Io pæans ring,
Until we find an eligible plain,
A beauteous site for our resplendent fane."

oracle, always continued to direct the religious ceremonies, and to conduct the important business of prophecy. It was their province alone to determine at what time, and on what occasion, the Pythia should mount the sacred tripod, to receive the prophetic steam by which she communicated with Apollo. When overflowing with the heavenly inspiration, she uttered the confused words, or rather frantic sounds, irregularly suggested by the impulse of the God. The Delphians collected these sounds, reduced them to order, animated them with sense, and adorned them with harmony. The Pythia, appointed and dismissed at pleasure, was a mere instrument in the hands of those ministers, whose character became so venerable and sacred, that they were finally regarded, not merely as attendants and worshippers, but as the peculiar family of the God. Their number was considerable, and never exactly ascertained, since all the principal inhabitants of Delphi, claiming an immediate relation to Apollo, were entitled to officiate in the rites of his sanctuary.

Constantine the Great, proved a more fatal enemy to Apollo and Delphi, than either Sylla or Nero. He removed the sacred tripods to adorn the Hippodrome of his new city; where these, with the Apollo, the statues of the Heliconian muses, and the celebrated Pan, dedicated by the Greek cities after the war with the Medes, were extant when Sozomen wrote his history. Afterwards Julian sent Oribasius to restore the temple; but he was admonished by an oracle to represent to the emperor the deplorable condition of the place. "Tell him the well-built court is fallen to the ground. Phœbus has not a cottage, nor the prophetic laurel, nor the speaking fountain (Cassotis); and even the beautiful water is extinct."—*Cycl.*

He spoke—the trembling crew obeyed the word,
Furled the broad sail and loosed the dripping cord,
And swift descending to the wave-washed land
Dragged the black keel upon the yellow strand;
Then forming into phalanx, they upreared
A beauteous shrine—the bickering flame appeared,
And dedicated flour the altar crowned,
While praying, as ordained, they stood around.
When all the rites were done, on board they sup,
And to the Gods pour out the hallowed cup :
Then move along with Phoebus at their head,
Through many a realm their charmed steps he led.
The lute beneath his fingers trembling sighed,
Exhaling sweet enchantments far and wide ;
While rapt in ecstasy the Cretans went,
And Io pæans through the valleys sent,
Such Io pæans as the Cretans use,
Inspired and taught by every tuneful muse,
Unwearied up the hill they bent their way
Where high Parnassus basked in glory lay,
Parnassus, on whose honour'd hill of song,
The godhead bade them live and flourish long.
To them he showed the soil and fane he loved,
But thoughts of home the Cretans' bosoms moved,
Whom when the tuneful son of Jove addressed,
The Cretan captain thus effused his breast ;
“ Monarch, since far from friends and country dear,
Thy doom and mandate led our footsteps here,
Here where no vines with golden fruit expand,
Nor meads appear nor flow'rage robes the land,
In open candour, monarch, we must tell
That here we will not—here we cannot dwell.”

To these Apollo, smiling, thus replied :
“ Oh silly men, whom toils and woes divide,

Studious of sorrow, ye yourselves perplex,
Shape your own woes, and cause the pangs that vex ;
But listen and attend to what I tell,
Deep in your souls let every accent dwell :—
Arm'd with the sacred knife, ye oft shall steep
Its glittering edges in the strangled sheep;
All that ye crave shall bloomingly expand,
And gifts of pilgrims shall enrich the land ;
Regard my counsels, keep my will divine,
And minister to myriads at my shrine,
Impartial justice teach the human race,
Exalt the generous and depress the base ;
Applauding realms will consecrate you then,
As comrades of the Gods, and lords of men.
Close to your breast these golden maxims bind,
And stamp them deeply on each mortal's mind.”

Hail Phœbus—ever memorable king,
I'll sing of thee, and of another sing.

HYMN II.

TO PALLAS.

I sing the grey-eyed Pallas¹ chaste and kind,
 The pensive maid of firm and settled mind,
 The patroness to rising cities wed,
 Whom Jove bore pregnant in his rev'rend head.
 Forth from his front in shining proof² she came,
 In rich caparison of golden flame;
 Amazed the gods beheld her figure spring
 Illustrious from the forehead of the king.
 A thund'ring spear with martial grasp she took,
 And all Olympus to its centre shook,
 The earth returned the clangor from its caves,
 And heaved in tumult wild the purple waves.
 But sudden stillness seized the moving cause,
 And vast creation made an awful pause ;

¹ *Pallas*, (so called by the Greeks from πᾶλλω, to brandish, and by the Latins, Minerva from minando, threatening), was emblematic of reflection, and of wisdom. Homer's fable of her being born from Jupiter's brain, reminds us that our talents and ingenuity do not spring from ourselves, but from the brain of Jove ; from that inexhaustible fountain of divine wisdom, to which alone, our intellect, our virtue, and our souls are referable.

The application of the epithet grey-eyed to Pallas is remarkable. It has been observed in every age, that men most eminently endowed with *reflecting and inventive faculties*, have had grey eyes—as Plato, Aristotle, Alexander, Diogenes, Newton, Milton, Napoleon, and an infinite host of luminaries.

² *In shining proof*.—This indicates that wisdom is invincible, prepared against fortune, in dangers intrepid, in adversity impregnable, in prosperity unbroken.

Hyperion³ curbed his steeds and ceased to urge,
 Leant on his wheel, nor touched the golden scourge.
 All passed—till Pallas, bright in polished charms,
 Unbraced her armour and deposed her arms.
 The thunderer's eye flashed rapture at the sight,
 And his high bosom heaved with fond delight.
 Hail, child of Jove, the ægis⁴ bearing king,
 From thee I'll pass, and of another sing.

³ Hyperion, who was, properly speaking, the character of the sun, is frequently taken, by synecdoche, for the sun itself, and sometimes confounded with Apollo—as in Shakespeare:

“See what a grace was seated on that brow,

Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself!”—*Hamlet*.

These three deities, Sol, Hyperion, and Apollo, as they have but one great symbol in nature, are often confounded together by the most accurate poets. Hyperion was, according to Ovid, the parent of the Sun;

Quid nunc, *Hyperione nate*,

Forma, calorque tibi, radiataque lumina prosunt?

But 'ancient mythophilists reckon four other suns: the first, a son of Jupiter; the second, a son of Vulcan, surnamed Opas; the third, a son of Ancantho; and the last, the father of Aeta and Circé.—*Cic. de Nat. Deor.*

⁴ Ægis, the shield of Jupiter, *αἰγὸς τῆς αἰγῆς*, a goat's skin. This was the goat Almalthæa, with whose skin he covered his shield. The goat was placed among the constellations.

HYMN III.

TO BACCHUS.

The son¹ of graceful Semele I sing;
 To Dionysius wake the tuneful string.
 As like a blooming youth sublime he stood
 Upon the yellow margin of the flood,
 His amethystine locks in clusters played,
 And down his firmly-muscled shoulders stray'd,
 O'er which a robe of purple loosely hung,
 To deck the blooming boy, for ever young.²

¹ The poets mention three persons by the name of Bacchus—1st, a son of Cadmus—2d, a son of Jupiter and Ceres, (*moisture and the earth*)—3d, a son of Jupiter and Semele. It is to the last of these that Homer refers.

About the year of the world 2508, or A. C. 1454, there reigned in Bœotia a powerful monarch, named Bacchus, whose youth was illustriously passed in defending his country and making war upon its enemies. He invaded India with an immense armament, and returned, in a triumphal car of ivory drawn by lions, laden with the richest spoils of the east. So great was his passion for the cultivation of the vine, that his vintage grounds and gardens are said to have surpassed, in amplitude and magnificence, any that ever existed. Vide Rouillij Embl. Such was the Prince on whom a very fanciful allegory conferred an apotheosis.

² Anacreon's portrait of Bacchus is delicately drawn:—

Ὁ τὸν ἐν πότοις ἀταρῆ,
 Νέον ἐν πότοις ἀταρῆ,
 Καλὸν ἐν πότοις χορευτὴν
 Τέλειον θεὸς κατῆλθε.
 Ἀπαλὸν βροτῶσι φίλτερον
 Πότον ἄσποντον χαμίζον,
 Γόνον ἀμπέλιδος τὸν οἶνον,
 Πενεδημένον ὀπώραις
 Ἐπὶ κλημάτων φυλάττειν.

Thus while he stood, some sordid³ pirates bore
 Their sable bark along the Tuscan shore,

Ἴν' ὅταν τέμωσι βότρυ,
 Ἄνθρωποι μένωσι πάντες,
 Ἄνθρωποι δέμας θετὸν,
 Ἄνθρωποι γλοπύν τε θυμὸν,
 Εὐεΐατος φανέντος ἄλλω.

³ This fable is sung in a different style, but in the true Homeric spirit, by Ovid:—

Once as by chance for Delos I design'd,
 My vessel driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
 Moor'd in a Chian creek; ashore I went,
 And all the following night in Chios spent.
 When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
 Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring,
 Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;
 Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
 Opheltès heard my summons, and with joy,
 Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
 With more than female sweetness in his look,
 Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
 With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
 And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.

I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
 Each heav'nly feature, each immortal grace,
 And saw divinity in all his face.—

I know not who, said I, this god should be;
 But that he is a god I plainly see:
 And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
 These men have us'd; and oh, befriend our course!

Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cried;
 Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
 And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
 To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
 Who over-look'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke;
 The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
 Such impious avarice their souls possess'd.

A gloomy bark with tiers of rowers grac'd,
But led by death along the wat'ry waste.

Nay, Heav'n forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey,
Said I: and stood to hinder their intent:
When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.

His base confederates the fact approve;
When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,
Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd,
And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd:
What means this noise? (he cries;) am I betray'd?
Ah! whither, whither, must I be convey'd?—
Fear not (said Proteus), child, but tell us where
You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.—
To Naxos then direct your course (said he);
Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you, a joyful home to me.

By ev'ry god, that rules the sea or sky,
The perjurd villains promise to comply,
And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
With eager joy I launch into the deep;
And heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand.
They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
To tack about, and steer another way.
Then let some other to my post succeed,
Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.
What! said Ethalion, must the ship's whole crew
Follow your humour, and depend on you?
And straight himself he seated at the prore,
And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
And seem'd to weep, and, as he wept, he said:

They view the youth, consult, and straight decree
To gyve him, prisoner, on the rolling sea ;

And do you thus my easy faith beguile ?
Thus do you bear me to my native isle ?
Will such a multitude of men employ
Their strength against a weak, defenceless boy ?

In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
And now by all the gods in heav'n that hear
The solemn oath, by Bacchus' self I swear,
The mighty miracle that did ensue,
Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
In vain the mariners would plough the main,
With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain ;
Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves :
The soils are cover'd with a cheerful green,
And berries in the fruitful canvass seen.

The god we now behold with gaping eyes ;
A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
In glaring forms ; the grapy clusters spread
On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
Leap'd overboard : First perjur'd Madon found
Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning side surround ;—
Ah, what (cries one) has thus transform'd thy look !
Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke :
And now himself he views with like surprise.
Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies ;
But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
And, by degrees, is fashion'd to a fin.
Another, as he catches at a cord,
Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
With his broad fins, and forky tail, he laves
The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.

They deem him offspring of the kings that Jove
Had nursed in pity and preserv'd in love—
But from the captive falls th' unhallow'd chain,
Their bonds are useless and the fetters vain.

The god sat smiling o'er a bench on high,
And mirth laugh'd archly in his deep black eye.
When all these wonders met the steerman's view,
He raised his voice and thus address'd the crew.
"Wretches, why vainly labour to confine
In servile links, a god—a form divine!
Our ship's unworthy of the sacred load,
And would you chain him, pirates of a god!
'Tis Neptune, Jove, or Phœbus of the bow,
For much unlike is he to men below :
And doubt ye yet who mark'd his form and face,
Doubt ye he springeth from th' Olympian race?
Swift let us to the continent repair,
And leave unharm'd, untouch'd, the godhead there,
Lest he command the winds to chafe the wave,
And plunge us headlong in the billowy grave."

He ceased, the chief replying thus began,
And odious words profan'd the odious man :
"Officious knave, mind thou the wav'ring gale
That lays its breezy shoulders in the sail,
Haul in your tackle, stoutly tug the oars,
Unfurl the canvass, stretch ye for the shores :
We'll mind the prisoner till he touch the strand
Of far fam'd Egypt or the Cyprian land,
Or the chill north, unless he quick relate
His name and quality and sire's estate,
And tell us what his friends can give, with truth,
In ransom for the heav'n-presented youth."

This said, they hoisted up the snowy sail,
And in its ample bosom pressed the gale :

O'er the spurn'd waves they proudly boom'd along,
The winds were prosp'rous and the oars were strong;
But soon strange deeds and heav'nly wonders shine,
The reddening waters blush in racy wine,
Around the bark the purpling billows burn,
The viewless winds to fragrant odours turn.
Around them tears and sighs of perfume flew,
And mute amazement seized the recreant crew;
The sails were turn'd to vines in wreathing shapes,
And ripen'd into gold the mellow grapes;
While ivy from the deck luxuriant sprung,
And round the mast its mantling branches clung.
On all the oar-pins musky garlands lay,
Which when they view'd, the crew began to pray,
Pray that Mededes, he who steer'd, would land
The godlike stranger on the nearest strand.
But he, the god, with just indignance warm,
Transmutes the steersman to a lion's form,
A dreadful beast—his rolling eyeballs spark,
He roars, he ramps, he tears around the bark.
Another monster form'd the godhead there,
He chang'd another to a shaggy bear,
That fiercely rose; while from a tier on high
The wrathful lion rolled his low'ring eye.
Bent at the poop, the quaking seamen fear'd,
Till in the midst the lion's form appear'd,
Which springing at the chief with salient bound
Flesh'd his dire claws in many a gory wound.
The trembling crew these awful omens mark,
And plunge in horror from th' enchanted bark—
In dolphins' forms the godhead bade them go,
But pity touch'd him for the steerman's wo;
He then restor'd him to the shape of man,
Crown'd him with happiness, and thus began :

"Pilot, confide in me the boy divine,
 That bid the mellow cluster teem with wine :
 I sprung from her, the Cadmean nymph, whose love,
 Young Semele, was wooed by thund'ring Jove :"
 Hail bright-eyed god—oh memorable long !
 When I forget thee let me fail in song.

HYMN IV.

TO MARS.

Hail brawny, bold, and golden helmed Mars ;¹
 Hail, buckler'd winder of the dreadful cars,

¹ Every part of the emblematic costume of this deity, teems with such fine and accurate touches of allegory, that it is impossible to add or subtract any thing from it without detriment to the whole. The magnificence, symmetry, and arrangement of the armour, combined with the applicability of the attributes, breathing, as it were, in every portion of it, leave it beyond the invention of man to meliorate an iota of the performance, even when divested of its allegory. No wonder then, that Virgil and Ovid have failed, and that they who copied the great master have succeeded best. After all, the beaten path of Homer is the surest that poets can pursue, who touch on these subjects. They succeed best when performing the part assigned to them by Agathon. This famous painter, in a picture more just than delicate, has represented Homeras vomiting, and the greatest succeeding poets as kneeling and licking up the matter he rejects. Another, more creditably and elegantly, exhibits the bard in a halo, shedding flowers, gems, and the most delicious sweets, from his lips ; while other poets are seen filling their flowerpots, caskets, and vases, with all that falls from him. In the group also appear philosophers, jurisconsults, orators, astrologists, painters, warriors, and physicians ; who seem to derive all their powers from the central

Of sinewy arms, to wars and battles bred,
 The rampart of Olympus and the dread ;
 High-minded Mars, in whom the virtues blend,
 The tyrant's tyrant, and the just man's friend !
 Hail king of val'rous deeds and warlike fire,
 The son of victory, and yet the sire,

figure: thus realizing the splendid eulogy conferred on Homer by the learned Rapin—a panegyric which, from its appositeness here and the high authority from which it emanates, deserves to be noticed.

“Homere,” says he, “qui eut un genie accompli pour la Poësie, eut aussi l'esprit le plus vaste, le plus sublime, le plus profond, le plus universel qui fut jamais. C'est dans ses Poëmes que se sont formés tous les grands personnages de l'antiquité. Les legislateurs y ont pris le premier plan des loix, qu'ils ont données aux hommes: les fondateurs des monarchies et des republiques ont dressé leurs etats sur le modèle qu'il s'en étoit formé: les philosophes y ont trouvé les premiers principes de la morale qu'ils ont enseigné aux peuples: les medecins y ont étudié les maladies et les remèdes: les astronomes y ont appris la science du ciel, and les geographes celle de la terre: les rois et les princes y ont trouvé l'art de gouverner, et les capitaines celui de former un bataillon, de camper une armée, d'assiéger des villes, de donner des combats, et de remporter des victoires. C'est sur ce grand original que Socrate, Platon, Aristote, sont devenus philosophes; que Sophocle et Euripede ont pris le grand air du théâtre, and les idées de la tragedie; que Zeuxis, Apelle, Polygnote, sont devenus si grands peintres, et qu' Alexandre s'est fait si vaillant. Enfin Homere a été, pour ainsi dire, le premier fondateur de tous les arts et de toutes les sciences, and le modèle des sçavans de tous les siècles. Et comme il a été en quelque façon l'auteur du paganisme, dont il a établi la religion dans ses Poëmes: on peut dire que jamais personne n'a eu tant de sectateurs que lui. Cependant, ce genie si universel, cet esprit capable de tant de choses, ne se tourna que du côté de la poësie, dont il fit son capital.”

That turn'st and wind'st thro' heav'n thy flaming team,
 Throned in thy golden car of various beam,
 The third among the seven bright stars that run
 Their fiery spheres around the blazing sun ;
 Thy monitory rays serenely flow,
 And prompt to glory every breast below :
 Cool the hot whims my ardent fancies find,
 Let calm reflection curb my bridled mind,
 Allay the impulse that did once excite
 My arm impetuous to the dreadful fight;²
 Yet give me courage, martial sternness give,
 And let me, warrior, not ignobly live
 Where, with the sheathed sword, mild peace reclines,
 On righteous laws, her ramparts and her shrines ;
 Teach me to shun, not dastardly, my foes,
 And shield me from the shock of fatal woes.

² This passage renders it probable, that Homer was not only a spectator, as has been said, but an active agent in the Trojan war. *See Inquiry, page 11.*

HYMN V.

TO THE SUN.

Awake, Calliope, the lyric tone,
 And sweetly sing Euryphaëssa's son,
 The nymph begot by Heav'n with Terra wide,
 Hyperion's sister and Hyperion's bride.
 A lovely offspring blessed their marriage soon,
 The rosy-wristed Eos and the Moon,
 And he whose steeds around the planets run,
 The bright and indefatigable sun :

Who, when he mounts the coursers, pours his streams
On Gods and mortals of luxuriant beams.
His golden helm o'ershades that glorious eye
Where radiant fires and dazzling lustres lie,
While from his plumes immortal splendors break,
Rest on his lips, and light his lucid cheek :
A robe of fire his stately figure binds,
Whose flashing folds were woven by the winds.

Soon as his wheels the western billows sweep,
And the scourg'd steeds plunge, dashing down the deep,
He takes the fiery harness from the steeds,
Dissolves the yoke, and into meadows leads ;
But still the heavens his soft memorial¹ wear,
The pensive, chaste, and solemn Moon is there,

Hail, glowing king, from whom such comforts flow.
On me, thy bard, a joyous life bestow :
And as, from thee beginning, I have giv'n
To men a picture of the works of heav'n,
Let me be called, upon this earthly sod,
Among the sons of men, a *demi-god*.

¹ An idea somewhat analogous to this, is elegantly introduced and expressed in a modern poem. After describing his preceptor, and lamenting his death, the author says:—

“His loved example fires each serious breast,
To live as virtuous, and to die as blest;
Makes bright religion pleasing to our eyes,
And fills our souls with ardour for the skies !
Thus ere yon golden orb that rules the day,
Withdraws from smiling earth his fading ray,
He lends a lustre to adorn the night,
And bids the gilded moon prolong the light:
She brightly sheds a glory not her own,
And light still lingers though its lord be gone!”

HYMN VI.

TO THE MOON.

Ye skilful Muses, that from Jove arise,
 Whose ev'ry breath in rapturous numbers dies,
 Teach me to sing the Moon, the Moon that springs
 Up from the wave on broad and silvery wings;
 From whose immortal curls rich splendors fall,
 Whose radiance from the heav'ns envelopes all.
 The gloomy air throws off its sable gown,
 Refresh'd and lighted by her golden crown,
 When rising beauteous from her blushing bath
 She walks in majesty the heavenly path.

Yoking the long neck'd coursers in her car,
 On each half month her splendors shine afar,
 The silver globe receives them as they fall,
 At vesper hour—be this a sign to all.

Once in her arms reposed high-thundering Jove,
 Pandæa came the offspring of their love—
 A charming girl, with soul and eye of fire,
 And beauteous even amid the starry choir.
 Hail, bright-haired, silent, snowy-wristed Moon;
 Goddess, from thee I'll strike the anthem soon
 Of demi-gods, whose praise the poets choose,
 The favor'd priests of every lovely Muse.

HYMN VII.

TO VENUS.

Hail, born in Cyprus, thou that canst bestow
 Such beams of soul on mortals here below;
 Sweet Cytheræa, thy enchanting face,
 With every love adorned and every grace,
 With more enchanting smiles and blushes glows,
 Smiles that entrance the soul and shame the rose.
 Goddess, that bear'st the bright and blooming flow'r,
 And shed'st on Salamis thy bloomy pow'r,
 Which Cyprus owns—Oh! consecrate the string,
 While I of thee and of another sing.

HYMN VIII.

TO DIANA.

To Dian,¹ Muses, let our numbers flow,
 Sister of him that bends the radiant bow,

¹ Chrysostom Scarfo addresses the following spirited little hymn to this goddess:—

“Casta soror Phœbi, quæ tendis retia, et arcum,
 Quæque premis cursu per juga summa feras;
 Nunc niveo curris loca per Cœlestia curru,
 Ad nemus umbriferum nunc pharetrata redis,
 Et modò te natale solum tenet inclyta Delos,
 Nunc vocat ad sese vitibus apta Claros.
 Tempusisti Veneris, puerique Cupidinis arma,
 Non te corrumpit Latmius Endymion;
 Nec fuit amplexus verè te pulcher Orion,
 Hæc fuit in vulgi fabula ficta jocum;
 Fac, precor, ut fratris præsent mihi numina Phœbi,
 Fac nemus ingresso ne ferus obsit aper.”

Dian with Phœbus bred, the modest maid
 That yokes the steeds from rich Meleta's shade,
 Wields the bright whip and modulates the reins,
 And drives the golden car along the Smyrnean plains;
 To Claros²—Claros crowned with clustering vines,
 Where he, the silver-arrow'd God, reclines,
 Longing to view her with her sylvan charms,
 Longing to clasp his sister in his arms.

Farewell! Yet, Goddess, shall I ne'er forget
 To tell thy praises in a soft refret:
 From thee, of thee, to thee, I touch the string,
 Pass from thy song, and of another sing.

² The indefatigable antiquarian, Sir William Hamilton, describes an antique vase, exhumated by him from a sepulchre in Sicily. On its sides appeared a design in relievo of Diana meeting Apollo at Delphos. "Homer," says the baronet, describing the vase, "in one of his hymns (viz. ὕμνος εἰς Ἀρτέμιον) tells us that the goddess, fatigued with the chase, went to visit her beloved brother. When they met, she diverted herself by dancing with the muses and the graces.

"Apollo is represented precisely according to the description of Homer, in his hymn to Apollo, where speaking of his custom of going from Delos to Delphos, he represents him clothed with immortal vestments, perfumed with ambrosia, having the lyre in one hand and the golden *plectrum* in the other."

HYMN IX.

TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS.

Oh, thou whose tones enchant the spheres above,
 Muse, dulcet daughter of Olympian Jove,
 Sing, sing of her, my soul would fainly ken,
 Th' unknown, the mother¹ both of Gods and men.
 She loves the ringing cymbal and the lute,
 And the voluptuous murmuring of the flute,
 Lion and wolf, whose voice the desert fills,
 The woodland echo, and the sounding hills.
 Hail, awful pow'r, for ever glorious be,
 I sing each Goddess when I sing of thee.

¹ By the parent of the Gods, Homer means that incomprehensible, and infinitely august principle, NATURE, which regulates and develops all the physical phenomena of the universe; and which is the mother (*ultimate cause*) of all the effects, and proximate causes, represented by the *Gods*. Though Jupiter is by far a more sublime and awful mythic deity than any other we have read of, still Homer conceived that something beyond him must have existed; and this indescribable being, whom he acknowledges that even a demi-god could not comprehend, is denominated *the mother of the Gods*.

“Est *Natura* principium, et causa motus, et quietis, in quo est per se, et non secundum accidens.”—*Aristot. L. 2. Physc. c. 1.*

Where blandly breathing zephyrs, roving free,
 Waked her to life upon the sounding sea,
 From the white foam. The Hours beheld the queen,
 And joyful led her from the billowy scene ;
 The golden-harnessed Hours her person graced,
 And on her brow a sparkling garland placed :
 Of angel gold, inlaid with many a gem,
 In three rich ranges, was the diadem.
 Gold necklaces illumed and brightly pressed
 Her iv'ry neck, her soft and panting breast ;
 Necklaces that the Hours were wont to wear,
 When borne on winding pinions thro' the air,
 They sought to mingle in the dance above,
 And grace the starry palaces of Jove.
 They bore her to th' aerial thrones, and all
 The beaming tenants of th' Olympian hall
 Exulting clapped their hands, and inly sighed
 For such a maid, for such a bloomy bride.
 They viewed her soft and violet form of grace,
 Her gorgeous crown, her warmly blushing face,
 Her long dark lashes, and the voice that rung
 In dulcet numbers from her magic tongue.

Grant me, oh, Goddess with the garland bright !
 Grant me the laurels of the tuneful fight,
 Inspire my bosom, and attune my string,
 While I of thee and of another sing.

more remarkable than in any other passage of Homer. The following lines may serve as an example:—

τὴν δὲ χρυσάμπυκας Ωραι
 Δίξαν' ὠπασίας, περὶ δ' ἄμβροτα εἶμαθα ἴσαν
 Κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἁδανάτῃ σιφάνῃ εὐτυχλοῖν ἔθηκαν,
 Καλὴν, χρυσίῃσιν ἐν δὲ τρητοῖσι λοβοῖσιν
 Ἀνθὴν ὀρειχάλκου χρυσοῖο το τιμάνησιν.
 Διερῇ δ' ἄμφ' ἀπαλῇ καὶ στήθεσιν ἀργυρέοισιν
 Ὀρμαῖσι χρυσόεσσιν ἐκόσμων, οἷσιν περ αὐταὶ
 Ωραι κόσμηθεν χρυσάμπυκας.

Υμνος εἰς Ἀφροδ.

HYMN XII.

TO VENUS.¹

Muse, teach my soul to sing in dulcet lays,
Sweet as herself, the lovely² Venus' praise :

¹ The mythic biography of this goddess has been so unwarrantably swollen by pointless and unmeaning anecdotes, so sophisticated by poets, who would introduce splendor at the expense of the allegory, that we are left at a loss to comprehend the precise nature of what she represents, or raise the emblematic veil from the picture. It appears, that the origin of this fable was an opulent lady of Cyprus, whose charms were irresistible, and whose behaviour encouraged gallantry. From Cyprus she sailed into continental Greece, in a most gorgeous yacht, accompanied, like Cleopatra, by a number of beautiful youths. The magnificence of the spectacle on her landing, was so new and amazing, that it prompted to poets the idea of her being *born from the foam* of the sea: whence she was celebrated under the title of Aphrodité, and her attendants, being *twenty-four* in number, under that of the *Hours*.

The passion of which she was emblematic, being universal, we find her universally adored. Accordingly we hear of the Venus *Amathusia, Amica, Amatis, Apaturia, Aphrodita, Archytis, Armata, Barbata, Basilis, Callypiga, Colias, Cypria, Cytheræa, Elycopis, Erycina, Etaira, &c. &c.*

² Μυρα μοι ἰνικε ἰσγα πολυχρυσῆ Αφροδίτης.

The epithets *χρυσῆς* and *ξανθῆς* of the Greeks, correspond with the *flavus* of the Latins, and simply mean *beautiful*. In this sense, they are almost uniformly employed by the poets, and as uniformly mistaken for their literal import by translators. Our language will not bear the metaphor. Homer never meant, when describing Ganymede (*ξανθὸς Γανυμήδης*), to convey the idea that he was yellow; and seldom did the Latin poets intend to convey the verbal meaning:—

Vidimus *flavum* Tiberim.—*Hor.*

Flavus proræ tutela Melanthus.—*Ovid.*

The earth was weak beneath her conquering charms,
And the whole world lay vanquished by her arms.
The beast that roaring prowls in savage wrath,
The bird whose pinion cleaves the cloudy path,
The fish that rows its glittering body in
The purple element on golden fin,
All, all consent beneath thy sway to fall,
And hail thee, love, the empress of them all.

But three alone, three sorrows still invade
That breast for bliss, that soul for passion made;
Three cold privations weigh thy glories down,
Damp half thy fires, and half eclipse thy crown:
First, that thou canst not warm to tender love
Pallas, the child of ægis-bearing Jove,
Pallas, the maid that spurns thy soft controul,
Thy bland dominion and thy blander soul,
Pallas, that burns illustriously to wield
Sword, lance, and target, in the crimson field.
She taught mankind to work in wood, and bade
The plastic chisel vary light and shade;
She taught mankind to rear the walls of war,
Emboss the shield and build the rolling car;
She taught the virgins in her fanes to shine
In every virtue, every grace divine.

Again, it pains thy soul and dims thy smile,
That all thy magic lures can ne'er beguile
To love's soft sway, the heart that Dian bears,
Dian, whose hand the golden distaff wears.
She loves with darts the shaggy boar to chase,
She loves the lyre, the chorus and the race,
She loves the templed town, the shady grove,
Justice and music—every thing but love.

Lastly, thou griev'st, that thy impassioned sway
Warps not the soul of Vesta, ever gay,

Daughter of Saturn. Vainly Neptune strove,
 In vain Apollo wooed with tender love,
 To win her charms e'en Jove most vainly sued ;
 She scorned their suit, indignant while they wooed,
 And vow'd, by ægis-bearing Jove, to give
 Her heart to chastity, and purely live.
 The thunder-wielder then his suit gave o'er,
 Yet left of gifts a valuable store.

On earth the modest virgin's temples rise,
 And e'en her name is cherish'd in the skies.

These, lovely Venus, these will not obey,
 They shun thy sceptre, and elude thy sway :
 These only—whether Gods or men they be,
 All others yield,³ voluptuous queen, to thee ;
 E'en Jove himself, whose sov'reign will can steer
 The furious bolt along its red career,
 The best and greatest of the pow'rs divine
 Kneels at thy nod, and offers at thy shrine.

³ “*All others yield.*” Georgius Sabinus, in a dialogue between Venus and Cupid, altered from Lucian, copies very elegantly the thoughts conveyed in this hymn. Venus speaks:

“Dic age, qui fiat dulcissime nate Cupido,
 Omnes cum timeant numinis arma tui,
 Humanumque genus, manes Erebiq̃ue profundi,
 Sollicitent superos et simul illa Deos:
 Sola tamen doctis quæ præsidet artibus, omne
 Effugit imperium casta Minerva tuum ?
 Jupiter immensi moderator et arbiter orbis;
 Ipse tuas sensit captus amore faces.
 Sensit et æquoreis Neptunus victus in undis,
 Junoque furtivo sæpe reperta thoro,
 Ut taceam reliquos, et tu quoque nate, parentem
 Jura pudicitix me violare jubes.”

Rifely the God produces many a birth,
 And mingles with the daughters of the earth,
 Unseen by Rhea's child, old Saturn's pride,
 Heaven's stately queen, Jove's sister and his bride.
 The cloud-compeller, he whose eye sublime
 Sees, at one glance, the vasty round of time,
 Created love, and bade the infant dart
 His brightest flame thro' Venus' tender heart,
 That with the love of mortals she might glow,
 And mix luxuriously with men below.

But Venus, glorying in her pride of pow'r,
 Lascivious boasted in her beamy bow'r,
 (But ere her ruby lips were oped to speak,
 Rich smiles came dimpling on her blushing cheek,)
 Boasted the deeds to which her sway gave birth ;
 Celestials mingling with the maids of earth,
 Enraptured mortals sighing in the shades,
 And sweetly mingling with celestial maids.

In young Anchises' ⁴ breast the Goddess strove
 To rear the shrine and light the pile of love.
 On Ida's grassy hills the shepherd dwelt,
 On Ida's hills, where golden fountains melt,

⁴ This is the minutest account afforded by any theogonist, of the son of Capys. It is surprizing, that Virgil does not make more particular mention of his hero's father.

*Αἰνίαν ἄρ' ἐτίκτεν νοστήφανος κοῦβερτα,
 Ἀλχίση ἤρωι μεγάῖς ἐρατῇ φιλότῃτι,
 Ἰδῆς ἐν κορυφῇσι πολύπτυχον, ὀλισσῶν.*

Hesiod. Theog.

Bright Cytheræa, with the sparkling crown,
 To Ida's hallow'd steep from heav'n came down,
 Where mingling with Anchises in the grove,
 Æneas came the offspring of their love.

There she beheld his oxen feed, his form,
Fair as the Gods, but far more soft and warm ;
She saw, and passion fusing on desire,
Gave her cheek blushes, and her glances fire.
She fled to Cyprus, where her temples rise,
And balmy altars kiss the wanton skies.

Ent'ring the Paphian fane, aside she flung
The lucid gates, on jewelled hinges hung :
And there, as languishing with love she lay,
The Graces bathed her in the limpid spray,
Poured on her locks rich oils and fragrant dew,
Such luscious balms as shapes immortal use :
O'er her white breast th' ambrosial robe they placed—
A golden zone enwreathed her lovely waist—
And thus adorned, to Troy she bent her flight ;
High o'er the clouds she moved in magic light,
Till Ida's hill her burning glances cheers,
Ida, whose sides dissolve in fountain tears.
There ev'ry beast, and creature of the wild,
Came fawning on the Goddess as she smiled :
Dogs, wolves, and dreadful lions, straight appear,
With bears and panthers, eager for the deer ;
Soothed by her smile, they leave each dread retreat,
Bask in her charms, and lick her beauteous feet.

Well pleased she found her mystic power confessed,
And sent love's fervor through each savage breast :
The beasts, disrobed of ruthless nature, stray'd,
And two by two, enamour'd, sought the shade.
She from a glitt'ring tabernacle view'd,
Deep in a fold's umbrageous solitude,
View'd young Anchises, restless and alone,
Wooing the lyre's distinct and mellow tone ;
Anchises, to whose graceful form was given,
In union rich, each bloom and charm of heaven.

Before his eyes appear'd the child of Jove,
Like an unsullied virgin made for love,
In such seductive shape she stood confess'd,
Lest icy fear should chill the hero's breast.
Transfixed with rapture he beheld the blaze
Of myriad charms—he could but stand and gaze—
Gaze on her thrilling shape, her beauteous form,
And her loose robe with wavy radiance warm;
For brighter than the fires that wreath the globe
Of high Hyperion was that flowing robe.
Bright chains of angel gold, with many a speck
Of gem and diamond, hung around her neck—
Hung round her breast in many a rich festoon,
As starry clusters hang around the moon.

The hero's mind to thrilling love awoke,
As thus, enamoured, young Anchises spoke :
“Queen of the soul, soft siren of the heart,
Tell me, dear form of beauty, who thou art?
Pallas or Venus, lovely to the sight,
Dian or Themis, or Latona bright;
Perchance a grace, some beauteous child of Jove,
That sweetly mingles with the Gods above,
Or else some nymph that loves the woodland still,
Or one that dwells by fountain, cave, or hill.
Tell me, and on yon hillock will I raise
A comely altar, sacred to thy praise :
Morn, noon, and night, shall rise the song divine,
And beauteous victims bleed on beauty's shrine.
But grant me (for I know that face designed,
The lovely picture of a lovely mind),
Grant me to glitter in the Trojan van,
And worthy Troy, to shine a valiant man.
Grant me long life, and ere I quit the stage
A gallant progeny to bless my age,

And grant me still the charming sense of sight,
To gaze upon this lovely world of light."

He ceased—and smiling, Venus thus began :
" Anchises, honour to the race of man,
No Goddess came I from the mount of Jove—
Why wouldst thou class me with the pow'rs above ?
I am a mortal nurtured on the earth,
A woman bore, a woman gave me birth ;
My sire's a mortal, not unknown to fame,
The Phrygian king, and Otreus^o is his name.
Thy tongue I speak, instructed to rehearse
The Trojan language by a Trojan nurse ;
A Trojan nurse, who me an infant bore,
Far from my mother, to a distant shore.
'T was there I learn'd thy language—whence the hand
Of him, the angel with the golden wand,
Led me reluctant from Diana's groves,
Where oft I sported with the nymphs and loves,
Where oft we culled each bloom the summer sheds
To twine fair fillets for the fairest heads.
Thence Hermes bore me on a pinion fleet,
Just o'er the earth, that nearly kissed my feet ;
Describing, as he skimmed the airy way,
Each tangled thicket of the beast of prey,
Each town and valley, ev'ry dreadful fen,
And places hallowed by the deeds of men :

^o This prayer of Anchises is rendered pathetic, when we reflect that the poet was blind at the time he composed it, and deplores in it, the most severe calamity that could have befallen him.

^o The fiction here contrived by the Goddess, has led some erroneously to imagine that she was the daughter of a Phrygian king of this name, brother to Hecuba.



But last he bade me, lighting from the air,
To young Anchises' bridal couch repair,
With him to pledge the nuptial vow, and grace
His stately mansion with a lovely race.
So saying, he dissolved upon the wind,
And up to heav'n aspired the godlike mind.
'Tis thus, by stern necessity's decree,
O, fair Anchises, that I come to thee;
But I conjure thee, by almighty Jove,
And by the virtuous parents of your love,
(Virtuous indeed, none else could bring to light
A son so beautiful, a boy so bright,)
To lead me by the hand, a virgin chaste,
Before thy father and thy mother, graced
With ev'ry charm—thy brothers by thy side—
And thus to point them out thy chosen bride;
Like them in form and nature I may be,
But like, or unlike, wed with none but me.
This done, dismiss a messenger with speed
To Phrygia, famed for many a mettled steed,
Bid him inform my mother, as he tells
My gallant father, where their daughter dwells.
Returning will he bring thee massy gold,
And precious robes in many a gorgeous fold:
When thou receiv'st these presents, rich and bright,
Then celebrate, my love, the nuptial rite."

She said. Desire inflamed Anchises' breast,
Who thus the ardour of his soul expressed:
"If thou be mortal, born on terra's shore,
If Otreus begot, and woman bore,
Thy heav'nly charms—since here thy footsteps roam,
Led by th' immortal angel to my home,
To thee I'll cling now, now, and all my life,
Make thee my bride, my own, my peerless wife.

HYMN XII.

No God, no mortal, no command of fate,
Shall ever our fond embraces separate ;
Not e'en the bright Apollo, should he dart
His silver arrows through this glowing heart.
Oh, give me in thy couch one hour to dwell,
For which I'd risk eternal pains in hell."

He seized her hand—the Goddess, while he led,
Turned her voluptuous glances towards the bed,
A stately couch, soft as the cygnet's wing,
Fit for the dreams and slumbers of a king.
Its drapery was silky, rich and rare ;
Its gay pavillion, of the skins of bear
And lion, proudly spread to charm the view,
Beasts his own arrow on the mountain slew.
With glowing soul, the Trojan hero led
The blushing Goddess up the royal bed,
Took from her neck the clasps of gold and pearl,
Beads from her breast, and gems from ev'ry curl,
Loosed the rich sandals on her feet that shone,
And from her panting waist unbound the zone ;
Then straight disrobed the Goddess formed to bless,
And hung the flowing splendors of her dress
On golden pins. 'T was now the hour of love,
Doomed by the Gods, ordain'd by sov'reign Jove,
And the boy felt, 'midst many a burning kiss,
The whole voluptuousness of wedded bliss.
This done, the Goddess bade soft Morpheus steep
The hero's senses in luxurious sleep ;
But ere the shepherds from the fields returned,
She donned her robes, that radiantly burned,
And proudly rising on the stately bed,
Streaming with golden locks, she raised her head.
Such heav'nly blushes lighted up her cheek,
As Cytheræa's presence might bespeak.

She touched the dreamer's shoulder—he awoke,
And bending o'er him thus the Goddess spoke :

“Awake, Dardanides!—awake, arise!
Should noonday slumbers seal a Trojan's eyes?
Hero, awake! and let my form be deemed
What now it is, but not what first it seemed.”

Swift from his pillow did Anchises rise,
But gazing on her neck and glorious eyes,
He feared—pale terror o'er him shed its sway—
He turned his fluttered glance another way,
And burying in his robes his timid face,
He thus besought her, supplicating grace :
“Oh, Goddess, when thou stood before me erst,
I knew thee as a Goddess from the first.
Why didst thou hide it? beauteous queen of love,
I pray thee, by the ægis-bearing Jove,
Send not debility⁷ to scathe my frame,
In expiation of my lawless flame ;
For short my time is on this earthly stage,
Ne'er shall I reach the vestibule of age ;
For a short life thou know'st, O queen, is given,
To him that wantons with the maids of heav'n.”

He ceased—the daughter of the foam began :
“Anchises, honour to the race of man,
Confide in me, and banish all alarm ;
None even a ringlet of thy head shall harm,
I, and the Gods, will guard thy grateful heart,
For good and loving of the Gods thou art ;

⁷ When a mortal was connected with a celestial, the mythologists supposed that he would be affected by debility and old age, unless Hebe interposed in his behalf; and the sight of a naked Goddess, or even of a nymph, was attended with delirium.

But soon I'll bear and bring to light a boy,
 Thy son, the future gallant king of Troy:
 His brave and royal stock will ne'er expire,
 For ev'ry chief shall be a chieftain's sire.
 Call him *Æneas*,⁸ as his mother felt
 Severest grief when on thy couch she dwelt.
 Nearest allied to Gods, to pow'rs divine,
 Shall all thy house in form and talents shine.

* * * * *

"The heavenly counsellor, immortal Jove,
 On eagle's pinions flew to realms above,
 With beauteous Ganymede,¹⁰ the gold-haired boy,
 That all the Gods his presence might enjoy.
 How beautiful the graceful youth appeared,
 As round the banquet of the Gods he veered
 On buoyant steps—now smiling, now, by turns,
 Pouring red nectar from the golden urns;
 Yet bitter grief his father's soul oppress'd,
 And Trojan sorrow filled his Trojan breast:
 Still, still he wept, that Jove's enamoured sigh
 Should waft his son, his charming son, on high;

⁸ "*Call him Æneas.*" Here is the true original of the Latian hero's name—*ἄνεας*, signifying *grievous* or *painful*.

⁹ There is evidently something omitted here, as the tale of Ganymede and Tithonus, has but a distant bearing on the preceding passage.

¹⁰ Ganymede, a beautiful youth of Phrygia, son of Tros, and brother to Ilus and Assaracus. According to Lucian, he was son of Dardanus. He was taken up to heaven by Jupiter as he was hunting, or rather tending his father's flocks on mount Ida, and he became the cup-bearer of the Gods in the place of Hebe. He is generally represented sitting on the back of an eagle flying in the air.—*Lemp.*

But Jove, in pity, sent him presents rare,
 Sent him fleet coursers, that immortal are,
 And bade the rapid angel Hermes bring
 Balin to his sorrows, comfort to the king;
 And tell that Ganymede, his cherished boy,
 Immortal youth and beauty should enjoy.
 No more he sorrowed, but in bliss bestrode
 His glorious coursers, and exulting rode.

“Aurora once, bright daughter of the beam,
 The car-thron’d driver of the radiant team;
 Aurora once for fair Tithonus¹¹ glowed,

¹¹ Tithonus, a son of Laomedon, king of Troy. The story is related with sufficient perspicuity in the text, and therefore requires no comment. The allegory is not well understood, though it is intended to represent some meteoric appearance. Morning is thus described by Virgil:

“Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras,
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.”

Æneid. IV.

And in another passage (*Geor. lib. 1. v. 447*), he repeats the very line:

“Diversi erumpent radii: aut ubi pallida surget
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.”

Propertius (*lib. 2. Eleg. 18*) errs in supposing that Aurora married Tithonus when an old man:

“At non Tithoni spernens Aurora senectam,
 Desertam Eoa passa jacere domo est.”

According to Hesiod, he had two sons by Aurora, Memnon and Emathion:

Τῶν δὲ ἥς τέκε Μήμνονα χαλκοκορυστήν,
 Αἰθιοπῶν βασιλῆα καὶ Ἡμαθίωνα ἀνακτα.

Θεογ.

The Goddess, moved by compassion, is said to have metamorphosed him into a grasshopper.

And snatched him to her heavenly abode :
Then sought of Saturn, gloomy sire of Jove,
T' immortalize the object of her love.
Her dear desire was granted by the God,
And fixed and sanctioned by the thunderer's nod.

“ Fool that she was—neglecting too to seek
Young Hebe, with the ever blooming cheek,
And pray her to confer upon her love
Immortal youth, the sweetest boon above ;
Hebe, who bids old age its spring resume,
And furrowed cheeks with youthful roses bloom !
But she, the beaming tenant of the car,
Neglecting Hebe, fled o'er seas afar,
Where the last star gilds earth's remotest land,
And the last billow bathes the furthest strand :
There, with her love, she passed the wanton hours,
Till age came o'er him with its ' feebling pow'rs,
Plucking his last white locks, that once so bright
Hung round his glorious brow in rings of light.
When she beheld his poor deserted head,
Her passion cooled, she left his charmless bed ;
But still for him she spread th' ambrosial feast,
And his weak frame in useful raiment dressed.
When sad old age had made his eye-balls dim,
And robbed of manliness each quaking limb,
The Goddess deem'd it best to lay his head
Calm on the pillow of a silent bed ;
And locking up the lucid hall, to fly
Far from the shaking dotard to the sky:
For now no longer could he yield delight,
Cold, wrinkled, weak, and piteous to the sight.

“ Not thus, Anchises, would I have thee live,
'Mid all th' immortal boons that heav'n can give ;

Oh, couldst thou live still lovely as thou art,
 No other form should e'er possess my heart ;
 My woes would vanish, and my griefs be gone,
 And my keen sorrows for the deeds I've done.
 But fate wills otherwise—its stern decree
 Has ordered rapid age to prey on thee ;
 Age, that more slowly seizes all at last,
 Will seize on thee voraciously and fast ;
 Age, the disciple and ally of pain,
 Of Gods the horror, and of men the bane !
 This be thy guerdon—mine perpetual grief—
 No balm can soothe, unconscious of relief,
 Grief for that fault, when burning passion led
 My tempting beauties to thy wanton bed.

“ Among the Gods 't will injure much my cause,
 The Gods who lov'd, and fear'd, and kept my laws,
 Who led by me,—for all my rule obeyed,
 Embrac'd, enamour'd, many an earthly maid.
 But to mute silence be the secret given,
 Nor breath'd on earth, nor whisper'd up in heav'n.

“ Our boy I'll leave, our bright expected son,
 Far from the skies, beneath the starry zone :
 The nymphs¹² shall find him—damsels that reside
 In bosky shades along the mountain's side,
 Their sacred home, their calm retired abodes ;
 For not with men they mingle, nor with Gods :

¹² This account of the mountain nymphs, the Oreads and Napææ, is still more perfect than that of Hesiod, who states that they generally live several thousand years. Plutarch is more precise, and gravely informs us, that, according to his calculations, they live exactly 9721 years.

Their lives are long, their drink nectarious sweets;
Their sport the dance, their food ambrosial meats.
Yet the Silenians, and the God that waves
The golden wand, oft meet them in the caves,
The shadowy caves that musically drop
Cold tears of crystal from the dripping top.
By these begotten, oaks umbrageous spread,
And fir trees diadem the mountain's head.
Their groves are all th' immortal¹³ as they tell,
For them no mortal hand can prune or fell,
But when before them stands the fate of death,
They fade and wither on the blasted heath,
Their bark corrupts, and fall their branches bright,
Whose soul no more respire Hyperion's light.

“These nymphs will tend the infant, and when seen
By tender Hebe, youth's enchanting queen,
The Goddesses shall lead him to his sire,
Who musing on his son with soul of fire,
Will joy to view his every godlike dow'r,
And sparkling in his eyes th' immortal flow'r.
I in five years will bring him. Lead the boy,
Soon as thou see him, to the walls of Troy;
And if a mortal ask thee whence he came,
Give thou this answer, lest he know my shame :
‘’Tis said he is the offspring of the maids,
That linger in the mountain's bosky shades.’

¹³ This picture of the immortality of the groves, and the souls of the trees, is quite unintelligible, unless we admit the metempsychosis, or the hypothesis, of Dr. Darwin; who assures us, that vegetables have a nervous system, brain, and ideas. But the person who would now tell us, that trees had *brains*, could not be fairly accused of possessing much of that commodity himself.

But if in frantic exultations warm,
 Thou boast th' embraces of a heavenly form,
 Boast that Hetaira's¹⁴ form by passion led;
 Came down to wanton on thy amorous bed;
 The thunderer's arm, uprear'd in vengeful wrath,
 And grasping all the lightnings that he hath,
 Shall at thy mansions hurl the dreadful flame,
 And dash to atoms thy devoted frame.
 No more—observe the secret, and observe
 The anger of th' immortals if you swerve."

She ceased—and melting from the hero's view,
 Up to the windy heav'ns the Goddess flew.

Hail, queen of love! whose sceptre Cyprus sways,
 From thee I pass, to sing another's praise.

¹⁴ "*Boast that Hetaira's form,*" &c. The secret was afterwards divulged by Anchises, over the cups—for which imprudent exposition, as menaced by Venus, Jupiter struck him dead, on Mount Ida, with a thunderbolt.

HYMN XIII.

TO VULCAN.

Sweet muse, of Vulcan sing, that oft displayed
 High deeds of glory with the grey-eyed maid,

¹ The import of this allegory is, that *Art* (Vulcan) was introduced to mankind by *reflection*, (the grey-eyed maid,) by the combined assistance of which, architecture was discovered.

That taught mankind to rear the sheltering dome,
 The cave² was once with brutes their common home:
 But now, by him instructed, they erect
 The stately work of dexterous architect,
 Their quiet home—assist us, heavenly mind,
 Shed virtuous ease and honour on mankind.

² Caverns were the primeval habitations of men in the golden age, for in that period of luxuriance and happiness, the want of houses was not felt. During the silver age, when Jove divided the year into seasons, Pallas, having reminded man of the necessity of sheltering himself, instructed him to frame sheds, bowers, and wicker cottages.

*Tum primum subiêre domos, domus antra fuerunt,
 Et densi frutices et vinctæ cortice virgæ.*

And shivering mortals, into houses driv'n,
 Sought shelter from th' inclemency of heav'n.
 Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds;
 With twining osiers fenc'd, and moss their beds.

Possidonius ascribes the invention to Vesta, others to Vulcan; and Pliny says (lib. 7.) that Doxius first contrived a mud house, in imitation of a swallow's nest.

HYMN XIV.

TO PHŒBUS.

Phœbus, of thee the swan with snowy wings,
 Upon the banks of cool Peneus sings;
 The sweet toned swan devotes its tuneful lays,
 God of the golden lyret, to thy praise.
 First, last, and still thy praise it pours along—
 Hail monarch—let me please thee in my song.

HYMN XV.

TO JUPITER.¹

Of Jove, the strong, all-binding, thundering king,
First, best, and greatest of the gods—I sing,
Who oft with Themis tarries in the hall:
Propitious be, illustrious God of all.

¹ This hymn, of which we have but the above fragment, is said by Philostratus, to have been copied from Pampho, but changed for the better by Homer. Pampho begins his hymn thus:

Ζεῦ πάριος, μέγιστε θεῶν, ἐλαμμανοὶ πότμος,
Μαλεῖν τε, καὶ ἱππεῖν, καὶ ἡμιονεῖν.
Instead of which, with more dignity, Homer has turned it,
Ζεῦ πάριος, μέγιστε, κελαινεφές, αἰετὶς ναίων.

HYMN XVI.

TO VESTA.

Vesta, who walkest round the sacred dome,
Where Pytho fell, the king Apollo's home,
Distilling as thou mov'st in beauty there,
Balsamic odours from thy golden hair,
Come hov'ring round this¹ hall thou maid divine,
And clothe in graceful sweets my votive line.

¹ This canticle, it may be easily imagined, was sung by Homer in the hall of some host, during his wanderings through Greece. Vesta appears to convey the idea of a salubrious air, and luxuriant soil. Her character and attributes are not well understood.

HYMN XVI.

TO DIANA.

Of Dian with the golden distaff sing,
 The lawful sister of the sworded king;
 The modest maid, that sportfully delights
 To hunt the stag upon the mountain heights;
 Upon the mountain heights or in the vales,
 Or promontories ruffled by the gales—
 She draws the golden bow, and rifely there,
 The arrow whizzing thro' the sighing air,
 Bids the rough groves with howls of beasts resound,
 And sea and earth start frightened at the sound.
 Where'er she moves, she boldly aims to slay
 The dangerous reptile and the beast of prey.
 But when the chase is done she slacks her bows,
 And to her brother's dome in Delphos¹ goes,
 Where dancing lightly from the favourite chase,
 She blends with every muse and every grace;
 Suspends her bow, her quiver, and her lance,
 And leads the virgins thro' the mazy dance.
 The nymphs their rich social voices raise,
 And weave the song to faint Latona's praise;
 To her who brought a progeny to light,
 In mind and form so beautifully bright.
 Hail, from Latona sprung, and Jove the king,
 I'll think of thee and of another sing.

¹ See note page 88.

HYMN XVIII.

TO VESTA AND MERCURY.

Oh thou that dwell'st th' eternal thrones among,
 Auspicious Vesta, listen to my song.
 On thee immortal praise and blessings flow,
 From gods above and mortal men below,
 For all to thee their festive banquets owe. }
 Were 't not for thee, O generous maid divine,
 Would man be blest with soul-exalting wine!
 And thou fair Maia's and the Thunderer's son,
 The golden sceptred herald of his throne,
 Oh with luxuriant Vesta hither come,
 And shed rich blessings on this happy home;
 Hail, beauteous daughter of the scythed god,
 And hail, bright angel with the golden rod.

HYMN XIX.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

The boys of Jove, ye black eyed muses, sing,
 The sons of Leda and the awful king;
 Pollux renowned for many a gallant deed,
 Castor that breaks and winds the mettled steed,
 Whom on high Taygetus the nymph brought forth,
 As lights to guide the wanderers of the earth;
 Beacons to found'ring ships when tempests sweep,
 And rouse the foam-crowned horrors of the deep.
 To these, the seamen from their slippery deck,
 Just hanging o'er the fragments of the wreck,

plaintive fault'ring pray'r, pathetic cry,
groan for these bright offsprings of the sky;
daring if e'er they tread the blissful shore,
soothe their saviours in a firstling's gore.
When they behold their bright deliv'ers there,
their yellow wings vibrate thro' yielding air :
when affrighted winds fly off, the tempests sleep,
the big waves dive beneath the foamy deep,
and calm returns to gild the sailor's breast,
his fears are vanish'd, all his toils at rest.

Hail, radiant wielders of the courser strong,
From you I pass to wreathe another song.

HYMN XX.

TO EARTH.

I sing the earth, the firmly founded earth,
The honour'd nurse that tends us from our birth.
The dwellers of the air, the sea, the field,
Live on the treasures that she joys to yield.
Oh Earth! Thy generous deeds are greatly done,
Thine are good fruits and many a gallant son,
'Tis thine the springs of life to stop or move;
But happy, happy he who claims thy love.
Upon his flowry fields will flocks abound,
While his long vineyards teem their wealth around;
Honour and bliss will stand before his eyes,
And full of splendor will his halls arise.
Mild laws shall round them twine their silky chain,
In peaceful towns where beauteous damsels reign,

His sons in glowing youth will bloom divine,
 His daughters at the choral banquet shine;
 And all the boons creation can bestow,
 Around that happy man will plenteous flow.

Parent of Gods, the starry heaven's rich wife,¹
 Oh grant me for my song a happy life;
 And Oh, whene'er I touch the vocal string,
 I'll think of thee, and of another sing.

¹ The greatest confusion exists among allegorists on the subject of this Goddess. It is stated that Terra, Ops, Rhea, Vesta, Dyndimine, Berecynthia, and Cybele, are the same deity; though we are also told that Terra was the mother of Cybele.

Varro, as quoted by St. Augustine (*de Civitate Dei*), gives the subsequent explanation of her attributes, and symbolical appendages:—"Her drum represents the globe of the earth, its turrets, towns, cities, and fortifications; the seats around her show, that she stands still while every thing else is in motion; her ministering eunuchs denote that the earth must be manured in order to produce corn; [this exceeds our comprehension]—their agitations before the Goddess, teach husbandmen that they must not lie still; the sound of the cymbal denotes the noise of instruments of agriculture; and the tame lions intimate that there is no soil, however barren and wild, that may not be cultivated."

The above solution is very unsatisfactory: her symbols may be more ingeniously accounted for. On ancient medals she is seen riding in a *round chariot*, *hanging* in the air, to intimate the rotundity, revolutions, and suspension of our globe; the key in her hand, reminds us that she opens every thing; her robe enamelled with flowers, represents the earth beautifully variegated with these productions; the jewelled *interior* of her car, indicates the countless minerals of the earth; the lions drawing the chariot, are just symbols of the powerful and irresistible forces that impel the earth round its orbit.

HYMN XXI.

TO BACCHUS.

Crowned with the ivy, Bacchus gay I sing,
 The son of Semele and Jove the king.
 The fair nymphs stole him from his father's breast,
 And laid¹ him in the Nyssian vales to rest.
 With tender care and fond parental joy,
 They fed in fragrant caves the rosy boy.
 Far from his father's arms he grew, and sweet
 His hours were number'd in a fond retreat;
 Where, with the laurel and the ivy crowned,
 He rose, while following nymphs collected round,
 And by the god inspired they poured a flood
 Of songs that thrilled along the merry wood.
 Hail graceful Bacchus, hail delightful shape,
 God of the laughing, copious, luscious grape,
 Let us thro' many a jolly moment veer,
 And after live thro' many a mirthful year.

¹ Little more than an account of the cultivation of the grape, and its effects, is implied in this hymn. It bears in this respect, a striking analogy to that beautiful old Scotch ballad, altered by Burns, John Barleycorn.

HYMN XXII.

TO HERCULES.

To hardy Hercules awake the string,
 Alcmena's son, Jove's valiant offspring sing;
 Who doomed by fell Eurystheus' fierce command,
 Passed many a dang'rous scene on sea and land;
 By dread Eurystheus,¹ of the Argian clime,
 A ruthless despot stained with ev'ry crime:
 But now thou dwellest in Olympian bow'rs,
 Divinely slumb'ring on thy couch of flowers.
 Bold son of Jove, Oh, Hercules! bestow
 Virtue and happiness on men below.

¹ Eurysthée, roi de Mycenes, et fils d'Amphitryon et d'Alcmene. Junon le fit naître avant Hercule, afin qu'en qualité d'ainé, il eût quelque autorité sur lui: elle le suscita pour faire entreprendre à Hercule douze travaux, dans lesquels elle espéroit voir périr celui à qui Jupiter avoit promis de hautes destinées. Mais Hercule sortit heureusement de tous ces travaux; Eurysthée, contraint de se contenter du royaume d'Argos, cessa de persécuter Hercule.—*Chompré*.

The twelve labours here alluded to, are comprized in the same number of lines translated into Latin from the Greek:—

“Prima Cleonei tolerata ærumna leonis.
 Proxima Lernæam ferro et face contudit hydram.
 Mox Erymantheum vis tertia perculit aprum.
 Æripidis quarto tulit aurea cornua cervi.
 Stymphalidas pepulit volucres discrimine quinto.
 Threiciam sexto spoliavit Amazona baltheo.
 Septima in Augeæ stabulis impensa laboris.
 Octava expulso numeratur adorea tauro.
 In Diomedis victor jam nona quadrigis.
 Geryone extincto decimam dat Iberia palmam.
 Undecimum mala Hesperidum distracta triumphum.
 Cerberus extremi suprema est meta laboris.”

APPENDIX.

Having alluded in page 20, to the eulogies conferred on Homer, by the ancient poets and historiographers, we select a few of them here, and refer the curious reader to the original works for more detailed information.

Εἰ Θεὸς ἔσθ' Ὅμηρος, ἐν ἀθανάτοισι σέβεται,
Εἰ δ' αὖ μὴ Θεὸς ἐστὶ, νομίζεται Θεὸς εἶναι.

Antipater.

Quid Homero deest, quò minus in omni sapientiâ versatissimus existimari possit? ejus poësin quis neget totam complexi doctrinam viventium, quam contendunt in belli tempora, pacisque divisam, &c.—*Aretinus.*

Ὁ δὲ Σῆος Ὅμηρος ἀπὸ τῆ τιμῇ καὶ κλῆος ἔχει, πλὴν τοῦδ' ἄτι χρεὶς ἰδίδασκε.—*Aristophanes.*

De Homero illud dubitabile non est, universam poësin nihil unquam illi comparabile habuisse. Et post pauca (Homerus) fons, doctor, magister, modimperator, unicusque omnis poëseos Apollo.—*Barthias.*

Homerum me nunquam pœnitebit legisse iterum atque iterum, quique (ut puto) nullum habet inimicum præter ignorantem. Ut dicam quod sentio, mihi videtur Homerum fuisse nihil aliud quàm Sidus et occulti miranda potentia fati, &c.—*Bodinus.*

Rerum humanarum perspicacissimus æstimator, fons ingeniorum, poëtarum vertex.—*Budæus Annotat. in Pandectas.*

An ego me putem magnum poëtam fore sine hoc scientiarum cinno? cùm videam apud Homerum omnium disciplina-

rum seminaria, quæ philosophi et jurisconsulti quasi oracula admirantur.—*Calcagninus*.

Τὸ Σαμὶς πόνος σίμῃ, δρόμος ποτὶ δῖον Ὅμηρον.
Διξαμένη— *Callimachus*.

Primus omnium pater elegantiarum Homerus.

Casaubonus.

Nemo secus sentit, quàm absque Homero nec esse magis-
trum poëtices nec poëtam fieri.—Sed hoc minimum ex eo
boni; est enim vitæ hominum informator,] tuba virtutis, imò
virtutis et præco divinus, et bonæ fidei magister.—*Casellius*.

Certè nemo similis Homero.—*Cicero*.

Traditum est Homerum cæcum fuisse; at ejus picturam,
non poesin videmus. Quæ regio? quæ ora? qui locus Græ-
ciæ? quæ species formæ? quæ pugna? quæ acies; quod remi-
gium? qui motus animorum? qui ferarum non ita expictus est,
ut quæ ipse non viderit, non ut videremus effecerit?—*Cicero*.

Sophistæ gloriabantur sibi esse patrem Homerum.—Itaque
Hippodromus sophista Homerum quidem αἰεβᾷ σοφιστῶν φωνῇ,
Archilochum autem esse πνεῦμα, ut ab illo suavitatem, et in-
explicabilem quandam varietatem, &c. Ab hoc igitur ca-
piebant sophistæ et νοήσεις mirabiles, et dictiqum venustatem.

Cresollius.

Si solem Eridano nimis improba fata dedissent,

Mæonidem solem vellet uterque polus.

Sol animus, sol est oculus, sol totus Homerus,

Qui radiis hebetat signa minora suis.—*Dausqueius*.

Ὁ μὲν Δημόκριτος περὶ Ὁμήρου φησὶν ἕτως. Ὅμηρος φύσεως
λαχὼν θεαζέσσης, ἐπέων κόσμον ἐτεκλήνατο παρλοῖον ὡς ἐκ ἐνὸς ἄνυ
θείας καὶ δαιμονίας φύσεως, ἕτως καλὰ καὶ σοφὰ ἔφη ἐργάσασθαι.

Democritus.

Homerum seu principem, imò deum et regem poetarum, in
primâ classi et quasi acie collocavi, Homerum, inquam, ἔξ
ἐπὶ πάντας ποταμούς, &c. et vel Justiniani nostri testimonio
patrem virtutis.—*Dinnerus*.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,

Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

Prop. Eleg.

Ἀτιχῶς γὰρ οὐκ ἄνευ θείας τύχης, οὐδ' ἄνευ Μουσῶν. τί καὶ Ἀπόλλωνος ἐπιτοίχας δυνάμιν ἔσως ὑψηλὴν, καὶ μεγαλοπρεπῆ, καὶ προσίτι ἡδεῖαν γενέσθαι ποίησιν, ὥστε μὴ μόνον τὰς ὁμογλώττις, Ὡς. ὁπότε καὶ παρ' Ἰνδοῖς ἀδισθαί φωνῇ τὴν Ὀμήρου ποίησιν, μεταδιδόντων αὐτὴν εἰς τὴν σφελίαν διάλεκτον τί καὶ φωνήν.—*Dio Chrysost.*

Homero Smyrnæo, cujus poesin ob divinam disciplinarum varietatem omnis ætas admirata est, assecutus nemo.—*Fredericus Urbin.*

Τὸ λακωνίζον ἐ τῆτο εἶναι, ὃ περ οἶσι, ὀλίγας συλλαβὰς γράφειν, ἀλλὰ περὶ πλείων ὀλίγας ἔσως ἐγὼ βραχυλογώτατον Ὀμηρον λέγω, καὶ πολλὸν τὸν Ἀντίμαχον πᾶς τοῖς πρᾶγμασι κρείων τὸ μήκος, ἀλλ' ἐ τοῖς γράμμασι.—*Gregorius.*

Ille naturæ genius Homerus.—*Heinsius.*

Καὶ πόρος ἔδδ' εἰς (Ὀμήρου σ.) ἄχρι γῆρας, ἀλλὰ παυσάμενοι διψῶμεν αὐτῇ πάλιν· καὶ σχιδὸν ἐν πείρας Ὀμηροῦ παρ' ἀνθρώποις ὃ τῷ βίῳ δι' ὃν σαφεῖς οἶμαι καὶ πᾶσιν εὐδαμον, ὅτι ἐδεμῖα καλὴς ἀγαθῶν μύθοι τοῖς ἔπεισιν ἐνισπείρηται, καθαρὰν δὲ καὶ παύτως ἀγνεύσαν λύσιν Ἰλιάς πρῶτη, καὶ μετὰ ταύτην Ὀδύσσεια, σύμφωνοι ἐκαστέρα, περὶ τῆς ἰδίας εὐσεβείας κίεραγι φωνήν. Οὐκ ἂν ἔγνων θείοισιν ἐκταροῖσι μαχοίμεν.—*Heraclides.*

Homerus autem quibus studiis excipi, quâ benevolentia debet? lingua Græcissimus, antiquitate venerandus, nobilitate clarus, eloquentia admirabilis, omnium suffragiis omnium Græcorum optimus maximus. Nihil enim *Homericâ* lingua ornatius, cultius, elegantius. *Et aliquantò infrâ, versus finem ejusdem Epist.* Commendo igitur vobis *Homerum nostrum*—simili eloquentia quasi *Nestorem*, ut poetarum deum, ut oratorem, *Quintiliani* judicio, copia dicendi, et brevitate etiam admirandum, ut sapientia magistrum, ut ducem belli peritissimum, ut regenda reip. preceptorem, et virum βαλεφόρον.

Humfredus.

Crede mihi, jactat nil *Græcia* majus *Homero*.—*Lemnius Si.*

Amo, amo te, Vellei, ob hæc judicia. Ille verò non summus solum poetarum, et solus; nam quis aliorum non peccat? [Et mox post citata Aristotelis et Platonis de Homero testimonia, hæc addit:] Alios quid cumulem? Nemo tam consentienti judicio sapientum omnis ævi laudatus est, &c. ab iis maximò, qui ipsi laudatissimi. Abi igitur, imperitia, aut livor,

tu capere, tu carpere non potes immortalem hanc cœlestemque naturam. [Insigne hoc summi, acutissimique critici de poeta nostro judicium atque testimonium; et quod instar multorum sit. Quod ergo ille Velleio suo, quidni et ego illi, Amo, amo et, Lipsi, ob hæc judicia, &c.]—*Lipsius. Clarke.*

Ὅμηρος σοὶ δοκεῖ ἄριστος ποιητὴς γενέσθαι; καὶ μάλα, ὦς.

Ποιητῶν δὲ τῇ μὲν ἀληθείᾳ παρὰ πολλὸν ἐκράτει Ὅμηρος.

Οὐδ' Ὅμηρος ἐλλειπὴς ἀρτιθέσεων, ἢ παριστάσεων, ἢ σχημάτων τραχύτητος, ἢ καθαρότητος, ἀλλ' εἰσὶ φύσει ὑπάρχων ταῖς δυνάμεσι τὰς ἀρετὰς ἐπιτεπλίσχαι.—*Lucianus.*

Ingeniorum ille scientiarumque fons *Homerus*, et *humanæ terminus admirationis*, quem antiquitas veneranda ore patulo vomentem ita representavit, ut defluentes ab ejus ore liquores et flores in amphoris et canistris colligerent *philosophi, juris-consulti, oratores, astrologi, poetæ, medici, pictores.*

Vernul.

Ælian remarks that the works of *Homer* were translated by the Indians into their own language.—*Blount.*

Divinarum omnium inventionum fons et origo *Homerus.*

Macrob.

Ille noster quasi oceanus divinæ sapientiæ.

Angel. Politian. præfat. in Charmidem Platonis.

In page 19, we ascribed to *St. Chrysostom*, a sentiment which properly belongs to *Dion Chrysostom*, of Athens.

The translator cannot conclude, without acknowledging his obligations to *Mr. T. King*, for the assistance he afforded him in this translation.

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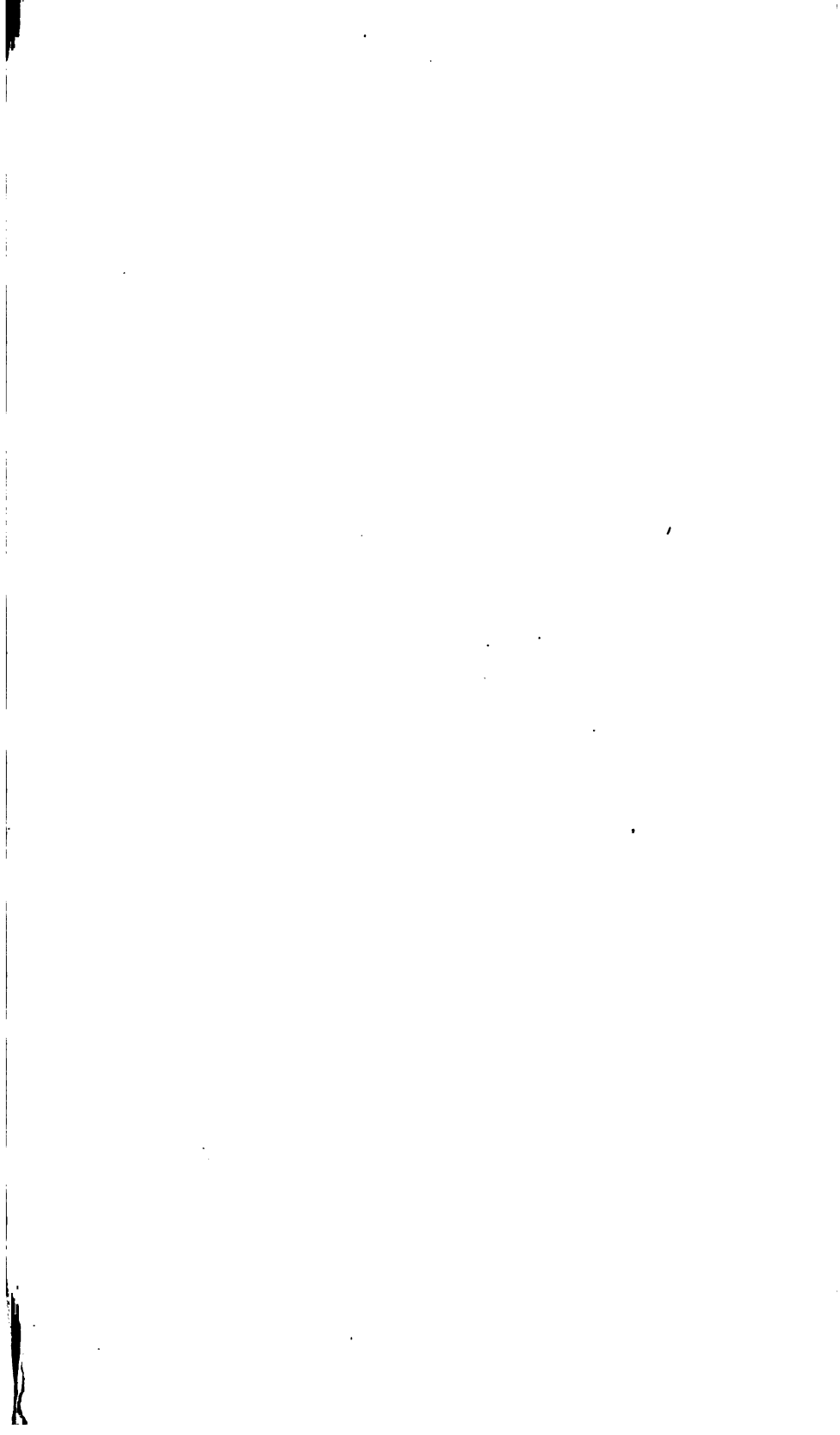
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